MESA LAND

ANNA WILMARTH
ICKES

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—Dawson

"He who revels in a well chosen library has innumerable dishes and all of an admirable flavor."
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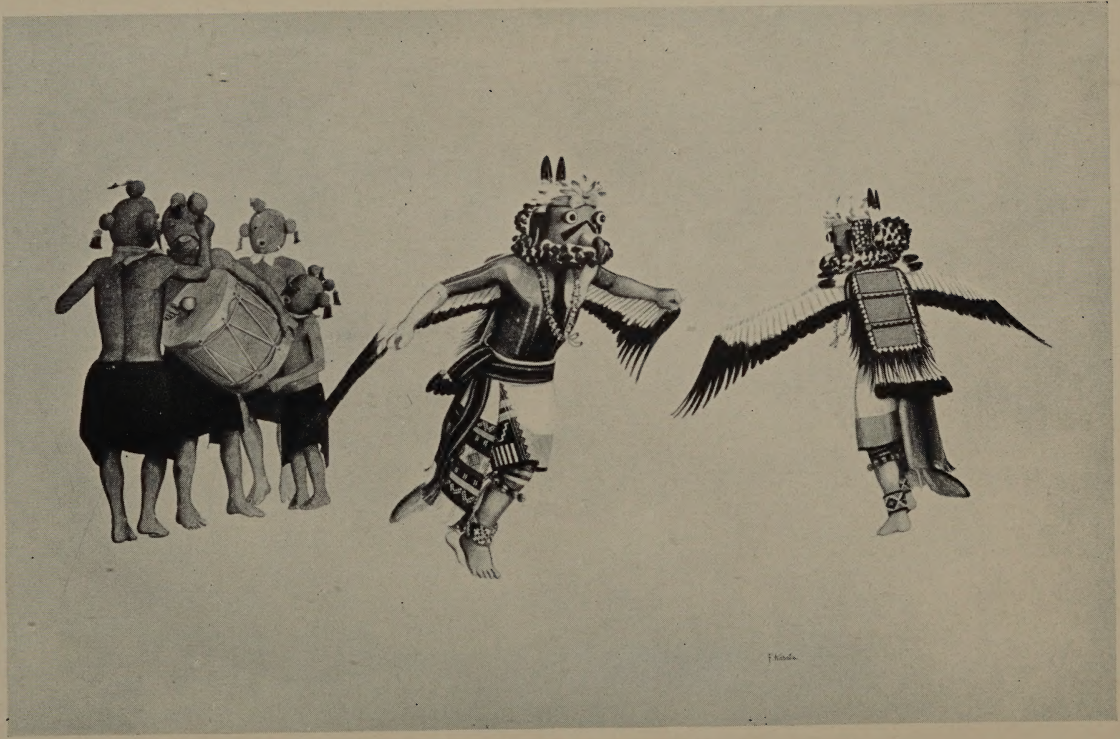

HOPI EAGLE DANCE
From a painting by Fred Kabotie

MESA LAND

The History and Romance of the American Southwest

BY

ANNA WILMARTH ICKES

With Illustrations

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TO
H. L. I.

FOREWORD

When a new comer enters the enchanting region of the Southwest he is plunged into an environment so different from any previously experienced that former standards of appreciation are inadequate, and it takes time to form new ones.

There must be new standards of beauty to appraise the scenery; desert distances, stretches devoid of greens and glowing with reds and violets; sharp outlines, unsoftened by verdure, and piled masses of rock formations. He must revamp his art standards to value the aboriginal art about him. Even his ethical convictions must adapt to others founded on different premises if he is to accord just understanding to the actions and the outlook of the Indian.

Unless he can so adapt he may see only 'dirty natives,' 'crude' artifacts, 'barren' prairies crossed by rough roads where soft beds, full bath-tubs, and good meals are far to seek. Let such a traveler cling to the highroad and the comfortable Harvey Houses and he may be able to catch some of the glamour which lies all about him, but if he can disregard personal discomfort and those previously acquired standards and open his eyes and his heart to this marvelous land and its mysterious dwellers he need never seek distant countries for interests historical, artistic or archeological. All lie close at hand ready to repay the sympathetic observer a thousand fold.

FOREWORD

This is the land of the pueblo Indian and his neighbor, the Navajo.

The Indian of the Southwest repays knowing whether from the standpoint of the archeologist, the ethnologist, the historian, or just human interest, and if this book will encourage anyone to look at him, not merely as a bit of local color, not as a romantic or grotesque figure, the subject of story or canvas, and today we must add movie, but as a man among men, a woman among women, and a present day comrade on our continent, it will have served its purpose.

In it I have striven for accuracy in a field where apparently conflicting facts live happily side by side; to describe, where description falls pitiably short, but if it will serve as a key to unlock the door which leads into this wonderland it will not have been written in vain.

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CHAPTER I

GENERAL

There is in the great Southwest a vast area shut away from the rest of the world by the Rocky Mountains on the north, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado on the west, desert stretches on the south towards Mexico, and more mountains and the great plains on the east. The Indians who have lived in this area ever since dim, prehistoric days were so isolated that they developed a special culture, undisturbed by outside influences.

The setting is so much a part of the life of the Indian today, and explains so much of the life represented by the ruins of a day that is past, that any discussion of the Southwest must emphasize it. It includes parts of four States, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado.

If we leave the train and go into this country, we are struck at once by the very air we breathe and the colors amid which we move. The marvelous atmosphere, the hope and the despair of artists, vibrant, alive, and color, color, color everywhere.

In the part where the desert holds sway, red rocks take on the shadows of a violet so deep as to be almost purple, and mesas fairly shimmer in glory. And in the autumn, up in the mountains where the tall pines grow, the quaking aspens, indescribably golden against the green pines; skies blue with soft, white, cumulus clouds afloat; red chili against white walls; pale yellow and green squashes piled in purpled shadowed corners; multicolored corn drying on the roofs or hanging in braided strands from convenient nails; piles of delicately buff husks awaiting disposal...!

If words could convey beauty, I would try to tell of double rainbows of impossible brilliancy ending so close at hand that the pot of gold could not be far to seek. And there never were such stars anywhere!

Mr. Charles Lummis, that High Priest of the Southwest, has said that a description of the atmospheric effects offers 'the most hopeless wall against which language has ever butted its ineffectual head.' Words cannot convey it and only in imagination can we paint the stimulating air and colors, merging, ever-changing, pulsing.

The country is varied. There are desert tracts, sparsely watered and sparsely clothed with piñon and sagebrush, where the mountains take the form of flat-topped mesas. There are places where wooded slopes shelter little gorges, fitting refuge for the cliff-dwellers. There are cañons with multicolored walls where ancient dwellings cling like the nests of chimney swallows, the dry air preserving masonry so perfectly that they seem built but yesterday.

Santa Fé has its mountain sunsets, but desert sunsets have an equal glory, though here one relies for scenic effect on sky and cloud and atmosphere.

The surrounding horizon is so far away that there is room for many effects on the same canvas without crowding. A sunset in the west casting unbelievable reflections on the eastern clouds, a heavy rainstorm in one quarter and in another rainbows streaming down in front of the mountains until they assume unreality, seen through the spectrum colors. And in yet another space blue skies and white clouds. Under all, the yellow of fall in blossoming sage and in tiny sunflowers. The cool rain breeze strikes your cheek refreshingly.

In all these combinations there is little green. Pale green sometimes in the sky, deep green of somber pines, black green of cedar and fir, but the lush greens of the East are not here except in very occasional spots, as when coming into Albuquerque, surprising, beautiful, restful, but a little out of the picture.

Reds, yellows, blues, and violets in all shades are ours with relieving grays and dazzling whites.

Desert nights are not black. Even moonless ones have stars so close and so brilliant that they shine in a deep blue sky, and reds and grays of mesa and desert are not altogether lost. Only the trees are black.

In the semi-arid parts of New Mexico it takes a seeing eye to comprehend the beauty and the interest about one. Take, for instance, the road from Gallup to Shiprock, running almost due north across vast spaces with rocks and mountains, sometimes far off, sometimes close at hand, and two great impressive tors jutting up like the massive Shiprock itself. Semi-arid is the name given this part of the district by the geologists. Sands with tufts of green growing bushes, sage or more succulent varieties as we approach or leave the water-bearing arroyos. Semi-arid, and yet I have been held for hours waiting for a heavy torrent of water from the mountains to run by in the arroyos, tearing along with such force as to rip out bridgeheads, cut under clay banks, even sweep downstream unwary automobiles, and yet leaving in a few hours a dry bed of tumbled rocks, the water sinking so completely under the surface as to be valueless for stock or crops.

As you travel this Shiprock road, look sharply for detached hogans, colored like the surrounding soil. The drifting flocks of sheep and goats are easier to discern as they flow across the road, a gaily clad Navajo girl, in this part of the world mounted perhaps on a burro, following somewhere in their wake or sitting watchfully on a heap of blown sand.

The archeologist in the party may call a sudden halt to allow him to run to the top of a neighboring mound, a ruined city of old, but undiscernible to untrained eyes, and return with a tiny sherd which by its decoration, shape, or texture upholds his theory of the trend of migration Chacoward or contrariwise. Tweedledum or Tweedledee to us, but to him! The artist watches eagerly the play of color on distant slopes, the pale violet or iridescent lavender hues creeping at evening up into the turquoise of the overvaulting sky, or the veil of mist drifting across far-off mountain-tops proclaiming showers.

A single cave-dwelling, perhaps merely a farming outpost, its original front wall still in place with its outline of a tiny doorway, piques the imagination. What though the Navajo herder today seeks refuge there. His were not the little brown hands that smoothed the adobe plaster into place or decorated the hollow-handled ladle which a near-by trader offers as having come from that or a similar age-old home.

And here, close by the roadside, are pools of water left by the last downpour, and ducks, actually ducks, bobbing, heads down, tails up, in these adobe-colored shallows. It is another of those amazing facts which we continually come upon in this part of the world that a large percentage of the bird life is aquatic. Let us hope that the two Navajo boys we pass a little later with shotgun on arm and prairie dogs at saddle bow have not been educated out of their native training to kill nothing that lives in or on the water.

And so on and on and on, at first view monotonous, at second view filled with variety to stimulate the imagination and interest, ninety miles, until we drop into the little town of Shiprock.

In the Southwest the Indians are living today surprisingly near to the manner of four hundred years ago. I want to make clear, if I can, the difference between Indian and Indian, a distinction not always kept in mind by our Government which has passed the same laws for Osage and Ojibway, Iroquois and Sioux, home-loving Pueblo people and roving Navajo, when the only connection between them was that their ancestors were all here before we were. There is a hoary joke abroad that some man told an Indian that his ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* and the Indian replied that *his* ancestors were on the reception committee.

These Indians of the Southwest are far removed from the Indians we met in our youth in the pages of Fenimore Cooper or George Catlin. Those were Indians of the woods and plains, hunters of the buffalo, and the first wearers of those beautiful headdresses we have come to call 'war bonnets.' But the Indians with which we have to do are not related to these woods and plains folk so far as ethnologists and archeologists have been able to determine.

How do these people worship? No amount of white penetration has served to answer this question except in the most superficial way. Even those pueblos nearest the highroad which whites have constructed through their country have managed to preserve their most sacred rituals unmolested and unseen by outsiders. Under all their apparent frankness is carefully guarded the essential features of their beliefs.

Some things we do know. They are not idolators. They worship through symbol, but no Indian is so ignorant of his own religion as to worship the symbol itself. We know that witchcraft, the malevolent use of spiritual power, is their greatest crime. We know something of the religious training of the pueblo boy. We can see some of their wonderful public ceremonies and, if we are so inclined, draw conclusions. But of what it all means to the Indian we are still largely ignorant.

It is because of the all-prevailing use of symbol that the early Catholics did not have much trouble in getting respectful attention from the Zuñis, for instance. To them the cross was a familiar symbol of the morning star. If it happened to be the two-armed cross, that was the dragonfly which led the Zuñis to their present home, the very center of the world, they will tell you. Today a Zuñi will place two crossed sticks under a stone as an expression of thankfulness for some happiness that has come to him.

ALWAYS THE DANCE

We have come to designate all the wonderful Indian ceremonies and rituals as 'dances.' Certainly the term is vastly misleading to those witnessing them for the first time. Ritual, ceremony — either term would more nearly convey the meaning. But as 'dances' we have come to know them. Rhythmic, they certainly are. We called the Greek mysteries by the same inappropriate word, and perhaps we have come to endow it with a comprehensive meaning not originally its own. So 'dance' let it be.

The comparison with the Greek representations is not inadmissible. Dramatizations many of them are, with comic relief, supernatural beings symbolized, chorus and rhythm utilized, masks and symbols which need interpretation for our Anglo-Saxon eyes, unversed in the myths and legends they depict.

Even now we are far from knowing them all. The Zuñi Shaliko, the Hopi Snake Dance, the Corn Dances of the Rio Grande pueblos, the Yei-bei-chai and Fire Dance of the Navajos, these can be seen and studied by all who will take the trouble to come and sit with quiet sympathy through long hours, or who will read careful analyses made of them by Cushing, Stevenson, Dorsey and Voth, Washington Matthews, Fewkes, and others.

As you look and as you read, new vistas open and you may walk farther into a land of myth and story and religious beliefs. And as you walk you will come across even more and more analogies with other myths and stories and religious beliefs which are more familiar to you, and you will find the human approach to God similar in far-separated races. Brothers we are in the deep and significant things of life.

The Indian leaves unscathed the country over which he passes. Time quickly obliterates the superficial scars, and scattered sherds and crumbling walls do not disfigure. The tin can is a white innovation and the yellow kodak film box a mark of the tourist trail.

A difference in surface coloring may show where digging will be instructive, or slightly rutted paths may indicate a moccasin-worn trail telling of old pathways followed for peace or war over many years.

Perhaps one fascination offered by the Indian is that today and yesterday he fitted so perfectly into his environment and was an integral part of the picture, belonging, not superimposed. Indian mythology tells of just the sort of beings who should live in those colored cliffs, cliffs so brilliant at sunset as to seem incandescent, and lighted from within, not merely by reflected rays. The grotesque is no longer grotesque in a land where the distant rains march across the horizon in lines as straight as his black, waist-long hair, and rainbows are as near as the symbol painted on his chin. Even to one hearing it for the first time and unaware of the symbolism, the distant whirr of the 'bull roarer' and the throb of the low-pitched voices, rising and falling in measured cadence, and the rattle sounding like the patter of sudden hailstones, carry the sense of some phenomenon of nature. Those throbbing, solemn symbolic pueblo dances are like nothing else in the world. And so they were dancing, these folk, amid these same colors before Columbus set sail, unaware of the conquests of Charlemagne, of the civilization of Rome, acting age-old ceremonies, preserving age-old faiths.

A FORGOTTEN EXPERIMENT

History's memory is sometimes surprisingly short. For instance, it has almost forgotten that over seventy years ago, after several futile appeals to Congress and several false starts, a train of thirty-four camels actually left the Gulf of Mexico and crossed this continent, under the command of Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale, reaching the Pacific Coast safely months later.

It was hoped that these animals would prove practical for transporting goods across the desert. Beale's testimony as to their fitness was all in their favor and we do not recognize in his description of his camels the temperamental and ill-natured brute immortalized by Kipling. Beale found them ever-docile and patient and trustworthy, able to carry heavy loads and to subsist and keep fit on the sparse growth of the desert, while their well-known ability to go for long periods without water was an added asset. Their feet, too, endured unexpectedly well the sharp stones of the trails they were compelled to traverse. He cites the interesting fact that camels lift their feet perpendicularly, with no drag or shuffle, and that this explains why they do not suffer the cuts and abrasions that other barefooted animals do.

Lummis has told of this cavalcade in his 'Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo,' and now Lewis B. Lesley has given through his book, 'Uncle Sam's Camels,' the authentic evidence, not only of Lieutenant Beale's expedition, but of further and less happy attempts to use this animal in the United States. Misunderstood, mistrusted, and ill-treated, these later experiments failed and the camels escaped or were turned out into the desert to fall a prey to its rigors or, when seen, to the rifle of the frontiersman.

MOTORING IN THE SOUTHWEST

Motoring in this part of our country presents unequaled charm and fascination, but also discomforts, and sometimes actual danger to the unwary.

To see the Indian country one must travel by automobile. Even Santa Fé, itself, is not on the railroad, but is reached by automobile from the junction at Lamy. In the last few years highroads have pushed here, there, and everywhere until now there are few spots which may not be reached in comparative comfort. But words of warning are not out of place to drivers accustomed to touring elsewhere under different conditions.

The greatest danger encountered is the arroyo. An arroyo, according to the encyclopedia, is the channel of a stream cut in loose dirt and running only part of the time. Torrents from the mountains have cut for themselves courses which are very deep in places and have lined the bottoms of them with rocks large and small, rolled down when the water rushes through. Usually dry, these riotous waters can fill them with angry and dangerous depths in an amazingly short time, and every year serious accidents occur because motorists unused to the country cannot comprehend the force and depth of these temporary rivers. When one encounters such a rush of water, there is only one thing to do — wait — wait an hour, or wait all night if need be — the water will run by in time and leave the rock-strewn bed fordable. On the best-kept roads there are cement dips, places where the road leads across the path of this water, but when water is running, it is easy to get off this cement, and in such an event an upset is not unusual. The approach to these dips is marked 'Dip 300 Ft.' This means three hundred feet ahead, of course, but we sympathize with the timid tourist who thought it referred to the depth of the dip and gasped wildly as her driver dashed ahead.

Sometimes bridges are thrown across permanent arroyos, but bridges are easily undermined at the ends and washed away, or a changed current renders them useless, and we see lonely bridges, high in air, with no connection with either bank. Bridges are short-lived in the Southwest. So care and the cement dip are the practical solution.

Of course we may be overcautious. Coming through the cañon near Fort Defiance one day, when a rain was veiling its sides with fairy waterfalls and the red rocks were washed a glorious ruby color, we came upon a vigorous little stream crossing the road and tumbling into a deep cut beside it. We stopped to await its pleasure. A carload of tourists following us, respecting our judgment, stopped too. We shared our lunch with them and waited. After an hour an Indian on horseback came riding down the opposite slope. We watched him, prepared to test the depth of the water by his horse's legs. On he came, the tourists, fortunately, gazing elsewhere. In he plunged and the water came not three inches up on his horse's hoofs. We solemnly told our confiding friends that we could cross now and went on, hardly wetting our tires. But 'careful is better than sorry,' and we know tales that have ended differently.

Another word of warning to the motorist is not to be too confident on the wide, smooth roads that sometimes extend temptingly for many miles. Take, for example, the long stretch between Shiprock and Gallup. Running through apparently flat country with no blind turns, it has unexpected waves in it that recall those of a roller-coaster. Every year this road exacts its toll from the overconfident.

'Soft shoulders' offer another peril to the inexperienced. Turning out to give an approaching car a generous amount of room, a sickening sensation of sinking proclaims that the soft edge is crumbling and an effort to regain the solid crest of the road may be unavailing. In many places quicksand lies in wait just over the edge, a large motor bus having been engulfed in this treacherous sand and completely lost two years ago. The passengers escaped, but bus and baggage disappeared.

The less traveled tracks hold different traps for the inexperienced: high centers. These same waters which dig out the large arroyos run along wheel ruts and cause impossibly high centers between. It is disconcerting to find oneself high on a ridge with all wheels off the ground, spinning merrily but ineffectually around, unable to get a grip on the road.

Wheel tracks across spaces where there are no well-defined roads change their direction from time to time as some passing Indian strikes out on a new track. You may follow one line of tracks only to bring up far from the real road against some isolated hogan, and have to retrace your way and start over again.

Often the adobe gives a treacherous foundation. Adobe is a viscous clay, firm when dry, but when wet, slippery in the extreme. A greasy film can form in a surprisingly short time and then can develop into a muck of pea-soup consistency which flows back into a wheel rut faster than a shovel can remove it, and soon you are in hub deep.

The careless driver is always with us, and we once witnessed the picture of an upset of a load of unattended young people on the narrow road running round the Hopi mesas. No one was hurt, but the danger to themselves and the irritation and delay to others following them were entirely unnecessary. The road was narrow and twisted, but safe enough when driven with a reasonable amount of caution.

Sometimes the mountain torrents run out on the flat desert plains and form vast boggy expanses which are difficult to cross.

These delays, not foreseen and often resented by the tourist, offer a pause and a chance to get the real feel of the country which is missed by speeding motorists. Many a happy memory clusters around enforced waiting at some spot quite unstarred in the guidebooks. I remember with pleasure one such experience on the road to Zuñi. One car went in first and stopped, helpless on a rock in the high center. Another came and with reckless assurance plunged into a new spot only to bog down to the running-board. Others, more wary, stopped on the edge on either side. And so we gathered, a picturesque and motley group.

There had been torrential rains intermittently for days and the bridges between Gallup and Zuñi were perilously uncertain, underwashed at the ends. But more treacherous were the wide washes on the flats where only by experiment could the depth be determined.

It was a perfect New Mexican day — green stretches of low-tufted bush led to the foot of the low hills bordering the wide valley; a blue sky and a few innocent-looking cumulus clouds overhead; the Catholic priest of Zuñi, his soft shirt open at the neck and a faded straw hat on his head; two Zuñi caciques, bound for a ceremony in the Jemez Mountains, dressed in full regalia, with headbands and beautiful turquoise necklaces, their faces seamed with age and dark with years of sun, yet bearing the unmistakable mark of the serenity that comes from a life concentrated on things far from the material irritations of every day, who were being taken in two cars by younger Indians on a quest that had something to do with a threatened plague of grasshoppers; two youths from Indiana who had struck back here to avoid floods on the main road and were bound for California; a Zuñi with his team — two mares and three colts — who had been summoned to assist in pulling out the cars.

The task was beyond the power of the mares and so they too joined the group in placid waiting. The colts lay down happily flat in the very car tracks, or nursed contentedly from time to time. A Zuñi runner trotted by, speaking to none of us, and disappeared over a rise in the road, later to return and join the chattering crowd. Dogs, of course, one an efficient-appearing small white dog which came with the wife of the owner of the team and viewed the situation from various points of vantage, an appraising look on his small face.

Conversation carried on in Zuñi, in Spanish, in English (it would be more correct to say in Mexican and American), and even a few words of Navajo, heavy shoveling of viscous mud of the consistency of apple sauce, jokes and laughter, everybody helping everybody else; yet all working somewhat casually, for of what avail was digging in a medium that flowed back upon the digger with resistless persistence?

At last trucks in the distance. Trucks with chains and shovels and two merry fellows who joked in all of the tongues as they pulled each car over the flat and started it off in whatever direction it decided to attempt. 'Adiós!' 'Good luck!' A happy interlude if one would see it that way.

There was another time, when an enforced wait with no magazine or book at hand, opened pages of great interest. We were left for an hour on the porch of the 'hotel' in a highway village in New Mexico — one of those villages the tourists hurry through in search of running water and Harvey meals.

A hen pecked aimlessly among some blue gasoline barrels. A red oil signal balanced not unwelcomely the red in a Navajo blanket displayed in the store window. The road stretched white and firm and, rising over a ridge, seemed to debouch abruptly against the red hill beyond. The mountains were in their afternoon glory of pastel shades of blue and violet and gray. Clouds rested above Mount Taylor, the haze blending it with sky and cloud. One might almost think the old fires alight again as cloud-shapes formed like smoke around its top.

Indians in Pendleton blankets were loading a farm wagon, the women moccasined and full-skirted, the men in Stetsons and gay neckerchiefs. Tourists motored by, hurrying to the coast, careless of desert wonders between. A cowboy, high-heeled and bent-kneed, came up from the tracks and sat for a while on the store platform. Children wandered past.

It was autumn and everyone was nibbling at piñon nuts, for the crop was good that year. Only an Indian can pop them in at one corner of his mouth and keep a stream of shells coming out of the other.

Tourists hurried by with new and old cars, babies slung in carriers between the seats, dogs tied to running-boards, cats in baskets, hens in coops, bed-rolls, cots, mattresses, rocking-chairs, oil stoves, women in overalls and high-heeled slippers; men, more appropriate if even less lovely, in green visors and galluses! But look, instead, at the Indian trotting by on a buckskin pony, blanket-roll across his saddle, or the loaded burro train bearing wood for sweet-smelling fires.

And the air, the clear, translucent, vibrant air of New Mexico, sharpening outlines while blending colors, ever the temptation and the despair of artists.

And so it goes. We shall probably have to wait an hour beyond the allotted time, for we are in a land where clock rule is unknown, but we are never irritated by being granted more time anywhere in this glorious country where just to be alive is an adventure.

One of the beautiful drives of the country is up to Mesa Verde. The road is not open after the heavy snowfalls, but the rest of the year it is perfectly safe with reasonable care and it is sensational in the views it presents. From one spot in the road four States can be seen, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. Given good brakes and a good driver, it is a drive not to be missed.

The road to Chaco Cañon and the ruins of Bonito and Chetro Ketl is always open. It passes by the Indian School at Crown Point, and later by the 'banded rock,' a lovely mesa standing alone in the plain.

Cañon de Chelly and Chin Lee Valley are usually possible, and inquiries in Gallup will post you as to the best route to take.

The road to Acoma offers no dizzying heights as you branch off from the main road and follow a valley or climb up back of Acomita and drive along a ridge. There are times when the fields about the foot of the rock resemble Japanese ricefields and the car plows through water up to the hubs. Sometimes the track is only greasy and you proceed coyly sideways, but usually you can drive the fifteen miles from the main road as fast as your springs will permit and stop for a picnic lunch at the base of the Enchanted Mesa before going on to the foot of the trail up to the rock itself.

If you are not hurrying home for dinner, the best time to visit Acoma is in the late afternoon when the shadows soften its rocky outlines, when the people are coming up from the fields, and when the sunset lights on Mount Taylor as you drive back are unforgettable.

One day we determined to seek a new way to Acoma, escaping the treacherous flats that shortly before had forced us to return to the main road and forego our visit. We skirted 'Locomotive Rock' on a cart track and, following on, came out into the very loveliest valley I have ever seen, with a mesa that fairly eclipsed the Enchanted Mesa itself. We could only get down into it by a road no automobile had ever dared before, a mere cart trail against the side of the hill, but we made our way down, our trusty little car fairly leaping down the rocky steps, and went on and on, reluctant to turn back from the

KATSIMO, THE ENCHANTED MESA

ACOMA ON HER ROCK

almost unearthly beauty in which we found ourselves. It didn't lead us to Acoma and we had miles to retrace, but we carried with us memories of an unforgettable experience.

The essentials for a trip away from the highroad and into the desert include matches, shovel, chains, a rope, water, and warm blankets. With these one can face almost any emergency in comparative comfort. A night under the skies is no hardship if you have warm blankets to roll up in, and a long wait under noonday suns is made tolerable by a well-filled water-bottle. With this list and a 'heart for any fate' you can start out and be sure to find experiences fraught with unforgettable enjoyment.

CHAPTER II

HISTORY

1540, the date when the Southwest first was discovered by the Spaniards; the date to which we constantly turn to get our bearings; the date when our story begins. Once upon a time in 1540.

The search for gold was responsible for it all. The search for a spring giving eternal youth which had led explorers to dare privation and death in Florida had been forgotten. Perhaps the Indian would have understood that quest better.

And it all begins when Cabeza de Vaca and a Negro slave, Estevan, were saved with two others from the shipwreck of the ill-starred expedition under Panfilo de Narvaez on the Florida coast. Eight years they wandered, enduring many hardships, having many adventures and seeing many wonderful sights, securing safety by posing as powerful medicine-men, controlling magic. Read this description of them by Mary Austin in her book, 'The Land of Journey's Ending':

> In April of 1536... when Diego de Alcarez with twenty soldiers had pushed as far as he dared towards the frontiers of Sonora on a slave-hunting foray, he met with a most deplorable spectacle. A man clad, so far as he was clad at all, in the feathers and amulets of an Indian shaman, twirling a painted gourd and followed by a negro... burst, running towards him, crying thanks to the mercy of God in the Spanish tongue.

Thus were they rescued, four out of three hundred, and returned to New Spain to tell publicly of many wonders, and perhaps to report more privately to those in high places of turquoise, gold, and other precious things.

Although Panfilo de Narvaez does not enter into our story after Cabeza de Vaca and his companions had seen the last of him, the following extract may be of interest as indicating the attitude of the Spaniards towards the Indians. It is found in a book, 'The Life of Las Casas,' written by Arthur Helps and published in London in 1868.

Las Casas, always a staunch friend of the Indians, who pleaded their cause at the Court of Spain, who knew Cardinal Ximenes, Cortez, Pizarro, Ferdinand the Catholic, and Charles V, was sent to Cuba with Narvaez to pacify the island. An unprovoked massacre had taken place in which many Indians lost their lives, and when Las Casas and Narvaez

> came to the province of Havanna they found that the Indians, having heard of the massacre at Caonao and other such proceedings, had all fled; upon which Las Casas sent messengers to the different Caciques assuring them of safety and protection. The result was that eighteen or nineteen of these Caciques came and placed themselves in the power of the Spaniards; and it is an astonishing instance of the barbarity and folly of the Spanish captain, Narvaez, that he put them in chains and expressed an intention of burning them alive. Probably he thought that the province by this means, losing all its chiefs at one blow, would become hopeless and obedient. Las Casas in the strongest manner pro-

> tested against this monstrous treachery to which he would have been so unwilling a party; and partly by entreaties, partly by threats, succeeded in procuring the release of all these Caciques except one, the most powerful, who was carried to Velazquez, but was afterwards set at liberty.... This seems a strange method of assuring and pacificating the Indians.

But to return to Cabeza de Vaca and Estevan. Mendoza was then Governor of New Spain, and when he heard the tales they had to tell, he at once sent out a monk, Fray Marcos de Niza, accompanied by the slave as interpreter and guide, to investigate the truth of the stories and report back to him.

After a time Fray Marcos, delayed by some unexplained cause, decided to send Estevan on ahead, and he dispatched the slave, accompanied by some friendly Indians, with instructions to send back runners from time to time to De Niza, following, with crosses, the size of these crosses to indicate the success of the quest. One, a palm's length should the country promise well, and larger if the aim seemed in sight and worth the search. Soon an Indian staggered back bearing a cross as large as himself.

De Niza hurried on, only to find that his too eager agent had exceeded his instructions to wait at a designated place, and had proceeded to one of the Zuñi villages and there had been killed.

Fray Marcos succeeded in advancing until he was in sight of Hawikuh, and here he planted a cross in token of possession and hastened away to safety, bringing his report to Mendoza.

Perhaps distance dazzled De Niza, or perhaps he relied on tales gathered from the Indians, but he brought back rumors of seven cities, fabulously rich in gold and precious stones, later to go down in history under the intriguing title of 'The Seven Cities of Cibola.'

Rumors of these marvelous cities gaining credence, Mendoza determined to send out a really effective expedition of discovery and conquest, and selected Francisco Vasquez de Coronado as its leader.

Coronado, a man of proud lineage (he had married a cousin of Charles V) and vast wealth, set out in high hope and great pomp. This was no ill-equipped band of adventurers. Coronado took with him more than one hundred horsemen, a large number of foot soldiers, several hundred friendly Indians, a provision train, and large droves of animals to serve as food. Castañeda was to be its chronicler and Fray Marcos de Niza its guide. It seems as though Fray Marcos must have believed the tales by which he had fired the imagination of these men or he would hardly have been ready to go forward to the proving of them.

The Encyclopædia Britannica says that 'for its duration and the vast distance covered, over mountains, desert and plains, this is one of the most remarkable expeditions in the history of American discovery.'

As the tourist wends his way across the desert with the help of every modern invention to facilitate travel — high-powered motor cars, thermos bottles, bed-rolls, canned foods — it is none too easy to reach some of the points touched by Coronado or some of his men. In summer, when you stop at noon under the torrid sun to eat your midday meal and rest your tired wrists, or when you shiver at night under double Pendleton blankets, think of the Spanish conquistadores, creeping over those vast expanses, laden down with heavy armor reflecting back the sun, dependent for water on the infrequent springs of the desert and for food on the flocks they drove with them or the grains and game of the country.

We may from this comfortable distance criticize their purpose, be amused at their conclusions, regret their treatment of the natives, but we must stand in mute admiration before their unconquerable courage and endurance.

The literal translation of Castañeda's account of the journey may be read in the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology — a journey covering two years and ending, as far as Coronado and Mendoza were concerned, in disillusionment and disappointment, but we of today find much more to interest us in their discoveries than if they had found all the gold they were seeking.

The Spaniards came seeking gold, but they found villages, poor in gold and precious stones, but rich in interest, 'pueblos,' they called them, *pueblo* meaning village in Spanish, and the pueblo Indians living much as they do today, for white influence has disturbed these little towns hardly at all.

Coronado reached Hawikuh, a Zuñi village, on the eighth of July, 1540, after a march of four months, and captured it, forcing the inhabitants to take refuge on Thunder Mountain, that beautiful mountain which had served them thus before and would again. On its top are shrines where offerings are still made and where now an aeroplane beacon rises inappropriately near those oldtime ruins of refuge.

One of the soldiers wrote of finding at Zuñi 'corn, beans, salt, and fowls.' These fowls must have been turkeys which the pueblo people raised for their feathers. Back of some of the cliff villages are spaces where turkeys were kept, but there is no evidence that they were used as food.

From Zuñi, Coronado sent out small exploring parties, and of these, one, under the command of Pedro de Tovar, reached the Hopi villages. Don García Lopez de Cardeñez went to the west and discovered the Grand Cañon, long the barrier to westward exploration, and Hernando de Alvarado went eastward to the Tewa villages and on to the buffalo plains.

Here at Zuñi the discontent of the men at the failure to find all the glories set forth by Friar Marcos was so threatening that the friar accepted the opportunity offered of returning to New Spain. He was now in broken health, nearly paralyzed, and no longer young, although he lived for seventeen years more.

Word coming from the company which had gone eastward that the country there was favorable for a winter camp, Coronado moved his base to Tiguex on the Rio Grande (passing Acoma on the way) and established himself where the town of Bernalillo now stands and where later the main body of the expedition joined him.

Now occurred the first terrible stain on the pages which record the invasion of whites into pueblo country. During the winter at Tiguex, trouble with the Indians arose and the Spaniards besieged one of the near-by villages. In an attempt to escape, many Indians were killed or drowned in the Rio Grande. A second village surrendered on promises of protection, but the captain, unaware of the arrangement — strange as this may sound — had all the captives burned alive. All this time the Spaniards were snugly ensconced in the homes of the Indians.

In the spring Coronado proceeded to the buffalo plains, and his exact route has offered opportunity for discussion among students ever since the first attempt to trace it. He was guided by an Indian who had been a captive at Cicuye (Pecos) and whom the Spaniards called 'The Turk.' Whether this Indian was actuated by a desire to be taken back to his own people, or whether he had indeed been induced by the men of Pecos to lead Coronado to his destruction on the plains, he enticed the Spaniards on with stories of wealth ahead, until Coronado, suspecting his designs and coming upon none of the promised wonders, had him strangled, and, after proceeding with a small force to the country called Quivira, then returned to the main force at Tiguex. Here a long winter and internal dissensions among the soldiers brought discouragement and disillusionment and many of the men wanted to abandon any further efforts and return home. In the early spring Coronado was injured by a fall from his horse and early in May the start was made for New Spain.

The disappointment of Coronado and of Mendoza was great. They had lost fortune and prestige and Coronado never knew that he had added a vast territory to Spain. He died in obscurity and for forty years the pueblo Indians were left unmolested by white explorers.

But the friars who had accompanied Coronado were eager to remain where there was so much to be won for the Church and three aged men remained behind when the army returned home. Juan de la Cruz stayed at Tiguex, Luis de Escalona went to Pecos, and Juan de Padilla went back to Kansas and the Wichitas. All three of these brave men met martyrdom sooner or later at the hands of the Indians.

For forty years the Indians of New Mexico were left unmolested. Spain had found richer fields for exploration and exploitation. In the northern part of New Spain mines were being worked and slave-hunting forays were being made. The frontier was being pushed back, but there was still a wide gap between New Spain and Cibola inhabited only by wild and wandering tribes.

At one of the northern settlements there lived a friar named Augustin Rodriguez whose spirit of adventure had been fired by tales of the North Country. He secured permission to lead a party thither for the conversion of the heathen and for the exploration of the country. It was a small band:

three friars, twelve soldiers, and some friendly Indians. The soldiers were commanded by Francisco Sanchez Chamuscado. The expedition reached the pueblos of the Rio Grande, and here the soldiers, finding little to encourage settlement of the new country, decided to return. But the friars found fertile fields for their missionary efforts and, refusing to abandon their purpose, remained alone and unprotected at Puaray, near Bernalillo. Feeling that more friars could be well used in the field, one of the three volunteered to go home alone and ask for aid. He was killed before he had gone far, and later the other two were also killed, although the war captain of the pueblo tried to save Friar Lopez, the last of the three. So it remained for two of the soldiers to make the report of the expedition to the Viceroy. This was in 1580.

The Franciscans were much troubled over the fate of the three friars who had stayed behind and, ignorant of their deaths, were eager to have some relief sent to them. In 1582, Antonio de Espejo offered his services as leader of an expedition to go back into the pueblo country to discover their fate and, incidentally, to learn more about the country. Of this journey we have the journal of one of the soldiers in which we can follow from day to day the adventures of the little band as we can that of Coronado in Castañeda's account.

Espejo had fallen into the bad books of the home government, and it has been suggested that, by finding new mines for Spain, he hoped the authorities would overlook some past peccadilloes. Father

Beltran was the leader of the friars and Espejo of the soldiers.

This expedition came across the trail of Cabeza de Vaca and Estevan, and at one pueblo found a trunk which had been left behind by Coronado. At another, a sorrel horse which had been left behind by Chamuscado. Somehow we would like to know that the Spaniards left this horse with the Indians, who had cared for it and to whom it was such a wonderful beast, but, congratulating themselves that it was in good condition, they took it along.

One of the soldiers took with him his wife and three children and this woman was probably the first white woman in New Mexico.

Before reaching Puaray, the truth about the death of the friars was brought to them, but this news did not serve to solve the question of the mines, and exploration continued. Sia they visited, and Jemez, Acoma and Zuñi, Hopi, and the country to the west.

But Father Beltran had accomplished his object and insisted on returning home, so Espejo with eight soldiers marched back to the Rio Grande and Pecos.

Espejo was so impressed with the country that as soon as he reached home he applied for permission to colonize, but there was so much jealousy among would-be founders of a new kingdom that his application was not granted.

Espejo deserves credit for the fact that he made this long journey through a country where lived Indian tribes, which already had no reason to love white companies, without any conflict with the natives and without the loss of a man.

It was about this time that the name 'New Mexico' appears to have been given to the newfound lands, although exactly when and by whom is still shrouded in the mists of history.

While discussions and bickerings went on as to who should have the honor of making further discoveries in the north, a captain named Casteña de Sosa decided to undertake an expedition with permanent settlement as his object, and, relying on the 'Law of Settlements,' which allowed settlements under certain provisions, especially prompt notice of such intention to the authorities, he started north with a party of one hundred and seventy persons, including women and children and a train carrying implements for farming as well as supplies for the journey.

But this unauthorized attempt was not to be allowed and a company of soldiers was sent after him. When De Sosa heard of the approach of the soldiers, he thought they were sent to bring him reinforcements, but he was soon undeceived and was brought back under arrest and in chains. The charge was that he had entered the country without a license.

Finally the decision as to whom should be given the task of 'the discovery, pacification, and settlement of the provinces of New Mexico, which are in New Spain,' was assigned to Juan de Oñate, a man of wealth, whose wife was the granddaughter of Cortez and the great-granddaughter of Mendoza II. Oñate set forth, taking with him settlers, friars, and an army — about four hundred in all. Also, seven thousand head of stock plodded slowly along in the rear.

His first settlement was at San Juan, named San Juan de los Caballeros. We are told that this name commemorated the 'knightly band of original settlers.' Another version is that the Indians welcomed the newcomers with courtesy, moving out of their houses to give them shelter and providing them with food. This was in 1598.

Oñate was accompanied by Gaspar de Villagra, who eleven years later published an account of the expedition in verse.

Oñate was greatly aided in communicating with the Indians by two Mexican Indians whom he found at Puaray and who had come into the country with De Sosa and had been left behind on his departure. A conference with the pueblos was held at Santo Domingo, where pueblo conferences are held today.

San Gabriel was established across the Rio Grande from San Juan by Oñate as his first capital.

Oñate went from pueblo to pueblo, receiving the submission of the Indians, and in October he reached Acoma, where his career was nearly brought to an end. The Acomans received him kindly, but one chief was bitterly opposed to this way of meeting their invaders and tried to lure him into one of the kivas, where the plan was to put him to death. But Oñate, cautious always, refused to enter the trap and came safely away.

He had sent word back to San Gabriel ordering his captain, Juan Zaldivar, whom he had left in charge, to turn the command over to his brother and to join him with thirty men. When Zaldivar reached Acoma, unaware of the growing sentiment against the Spaniards which had been carefully fanned into a real flame by the disaffected chief, some of his soldiers mounted the rock and broke into small groups. Then the Indians attacked them and a battle of three hours followed in which Zaldivar was killed. Five Spaniards leaped from the rock. Four of these escaped death and were nursed back to health by the small guard which had been left at the foot of the cliff with the horses. Three others found their way down, and these were the only ones left of those who had entered the village.

It was important for the success of Spanish domination that Acoma should be punished and Don Vicente Zaldivar with a substantial force was sent to avenge the death of his brother. This successful attack on an almost impregnable rock is a tale worthy of a master pen. Perhaps the best account has been written by Charles Lummis in his book, 'Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo.'

There were only two places where ascent could be made. A feint was made at one of these while twelve men made a surprise attempt at the other and were successful in gaining the summit of the rock, only to find themselves on a plateau across a ravine from the village. The top of the rock is shaped somewhat like a pair of spectacles and the two portions are separated by the narrow ravine above referred to. The story of the crossing of this gorge is dramatic in the extreme. A pine tree was felled so that it lay across the gap. Some soldiers crossed on this perilous

WATER HOLE, HOTEVILA

AN ACOMA RESERVOIR

bridge, but one of them pulled on the rope attached to the end of the tree and the end dropped down. Here it was that Villagra came nobly to the front. He made a desperate leap, carrying the end of the rope with him, and thus made it possible to pull the tree back into place. So cross they did, and for three days the battle raged and resulted in the complete defeat of the Acomans and the firing of the village. Many threw themselves from the cliff rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards.

The village was rebuilt later, but still may be seen ruined houses which bear silent witness to the fire and sword of the conqueror.

Later Oñate made an excursion into Kansas, and when he returned he found his new capital almost abandoned. Many of the colonists had become discouraged and had gone back to the mines in Mexico. With the help of De Zaldivar some of the deserters were persuaded to return, new missionaries were secured, and the new colony once more began to prosper.

When all was quiet once more, Oñate started west, hoping to reach the Pacific Ocean, and did get to the Gulf of California. The trip back was arduous, but the party finally reached San Gabriel in safety, having been away six months. It was on this journey that Oñate passed by Inscription Rock and left his name inscribed there, where we can read it today, the first authentic signature in that significant list of names.

In 1608, Oñate, worn out by his experiences and impoverished by the money he had spent, asked to be relieved from his command and retired to private life.

Don Pedro de Peralto succeeded Oñate as Governor of the new country.

The date of the founding of Santa Fé and the moving of the capital thence from San Gabriel is undetermined, but it was probably shortly after 1605.

And now the slow process of colonization proceeded and the great activities of the Franciscans bore fruit in numbers of 'converts' and many churches. Benavides, General Supervisor of New Mexico Missions in 1630, made a remarkable report to the Spanish King — remarkable even after we have made large deductions in numbers and made allowances for his enthusiasm. He reported fifty friars serving over sixty thousand natives who had accepted Christianity. These lived in 'ninety' pueblos, divided into twenty-five missions, and he states that each pueblo had its own church. This building of churches must all have taken place after 1598 when Oñate built the first one at San Gabriel, that is to say in thirty-two years.

And so matters went on until 1680 when the next event of moment took place: the 'Great Rebellion' of 1680.

Spanish governors had succeeded each other rapidly, fourteen of them in a little under fifty years, and all the while the Indians, discontented and resentful, were planning freedom or making ineffectual attempts to gain it. Only by unremitting vigilance did the Spaniards hold the advantage they had gained. Small outbreaks had occurred from time to time and were promptly suppressed, harshly and with bloodshed. The friars, not content with using every means of persuasion to convert the natives, resorted to cruel punishments in an effort to stamp out all the native ceremonies, hanging some for 'sorcery,' flogging others for neglect of the new rites they neither understood nor loved. Tribute and forced service added irritation. Benavides refers to the tribute required for the support of the garrison at Santa Fé. An inexplicable and unjust tax from the point of view of the Indians.

The former outbreaks had been more or less sporadic and unorganized. Not so the 'Great Rebellion' — the last desperate attempt to throw off the yoke of the invaders and save the country for the original inhabitants. In 1680 the suppressed tide of resentment rose beyond control and in the revolution which resulted the Spaniards were expelled from the country and kept out for ten years.

The hero of the rebellion was a San Juan Indian named Popé. He had had trouble with the Spanish officials in San Juan and had fled to Taos. He seems to have been a man of great organizing ability and he was able to unite the various pueblos in the common cause and hold them together until that cause was accomplished. Popé claimed supernatural authority for his pronouncements. He said that he held communication with the spirits of three Indians who appeared to him in the kiva at Taos and to prove the truth of this assertion he took some of the caciques from other pueblos into the kiva with him where three shining figures appeared to them. It has been explained that Popé was a man of wide experience among the medicine-men of other tribes and may have learned from them the effect of a judicious use of phosphorus, but, in any event, the caciques were satisfied and the conspiracy went on.

A knotted rope was sent to each pueblo, each knot representing a day, and every morning one was to be untied until the last was reached and the fatal day was at hand, when the pueblo people were to rise, kill every friar, and expel the Spaniard from the land.

But such a widespread conspiracy could not be made absolutely proof against betrayal and the plot was revealed to two of the friars who sent word to Governor Otermin of the proposed uprising. The Indians, learning that their plans had been discovered, advanced the day of attack and on the tenth of August the rebellion began.

The Spaniards living south of Santa Fé escaped in time, but all the friars in the missions in the north, east, and west were killed except the one at Cochiti and the one at Zuñi. During the rebellion more than four hundred persons were killed, including twenty-one friars.

On the fifteenth of August the Indians appeared at Santa Fé. Two crosses were sent to Governor Otermin, a red one which meant war and a white one indicating a willingness on the part of the Spaniards to depart peacefully. Otermin chose the red one and a battle followed during which many Indians were killed and forty-seven taken prisoners. But in the end Governor Otermin was forced to retreat to the palace, where the women and children were gathered. The following day he had the Indian prisoners executed in sight of the besieging hordes.

But water and food began to fail and on the twenty-first of August the exodus began.

The Indians watched in silence from the surrounding hills and did not molest the party as, weakened by hunger and with only enough horses left for the sick and wounded, it abandoned the city. On the twenty-seventh of August they reached Isleta, where Governor Otermin expected to find the Spanish garrison, but news had preceded them that all the Spaniards left in the north had been slain and the garrison and the few Spaniards gathered there had fled south. So the refugees continued on to San Lorenzo, near the present town of Los Cruces, and there spent the winter.

And so the rebellion was successful and no Spaniard remained in the pueblo country.

But the Indians were unused to co-operation. Each pueblo had been independent of every other and the lesson of sustained unity was hard to learn. Popé may have become as arrogant in enforcing obedience to his decrees as rumor has it, but in any case it would have been difficult to cement into a confederacy such independent units as the various pueblos. Disputes arose. The wild tribes attacked again. Dissolution and confusion set in.

Governor Otermin led a force northward in an attempt to reconquer the country. He reached Isleta and, after receiving its submission, proceeded north. He found Santo Domingo, San Felipe, and Cochiti abandoned by the inhabitants. He pressed on, but it was plain that the Indians were not inclined to make peace and a conference of the leaders ended in the attempt being abandoned.

Other unsuccessful efforts were made to regain the country, but it remained for Don Diego de Vargas to accomplish the reoccupation ten years later.

De Vargas had been appointed Governor of New Mexico in 1690. He was a man of force and determination, and in 1692 he started from El Paso to reconquer the lost territory. Leaving El Paso in August, he reached Santa Fé on the thirteenth of September and was back in El Paso before Christmas. It speaks strongly of the force of the man that the whole journey was accomplished successfully in so short a time and without the loss of life.

As far as Taos he went, returning to Santa Fé in October and sending from there the report of his success. He then proceeded to Acoma and Zuñi. At Zuñi he found the inhabitants again perched on the top of Thunder Mountain, their old place of refuge, but they were persuaded to return to the village. The Zuñis had carefully preserved the Church vessels and vestments and the property of the murdered friars and this greatly impressed the Spaniards. This seems to be in keeping with Zuñi custom, for today they will allow no vandalism in the ruined church because 'their fathers had allowed it to be placed there,' but at the same time they will allow no restoration of it, for Christians they are not.

From Zuñi, De Vargas went on to Hopiland and received first the submission of Awatobi. At this time all the other villages gave their ostensible submission with the exception of Oraibi.

On the return journey De Vargas was attacked by the Apaches and one of the attacking party was captured and promptly baptized and shot. This was the only Indian whose life was lost during this march of De Vargas. But alas for the record of the next visit!

It is the entrance of De Vargas into Santa Fé that is commemorated every September by the Santa Fé fiesta. The scene is re-enacted in the plaza, where the image of the Virgin which was carried in the battle is borne from the cathedral to the chapel of Rosario — the chapel built on the site of the battlefield by De Vargas in fulfillment of a vow.

De Vargas had gone through the country, but he had left no settlers and no garrison, and it was not until 1693 that he collected a company of colonists who, with soldiers and friars, came back to Santa Fé with him. This return was not welcomed by the Indians and they resisted, refusing to give up the town. De Vargas attacked and after a successful battle executed seventy Indians and gave four hundred women and children as slaves to the Spanish colonists.

After each battle we read of this distribution of the women and children, but we read too how they were sometimes returned to their homes.

Thus was the country reconquered. Various uprisings, more or less serious, were of constant occurrence, but the backbone of the rebellion was broken.

The subjugation of the Cochiti Indians, who had fortified themselves on a mesa top, was fraught with much difficulty and danger, but was successfully accomplished, and here three hundred and forty-two women and children were the spoils of the battle.

The natives of San Ildefonso were gathered on Black Mesa and held out for a long time, but were finally reduced to submission by lack of water. Jemez was sacked, and so went on the bloody reprisals.

New Mexico was resettled, but there was always friction between the friars and the political officials. The friars were concerned for the welfare of the Indians and were adamant only on the subject of religious observances, while the officials were intent on submission and tribute.

It was the friars who usually learned of impending uprisings and, when their warnings went unheeded, it was the friars who suffered first at the hands of the natives.

Detailed accounts of these troubles are given in Colonel Twitchell's comprehensive history of New Mexico.

The conquest was finally complete, but a great number of Indians had lost their lives and many pueblos were abandoned, never again to flourish as before, and New Mexico entered upon a period of Spanish rule which was to last for one hundred and twenty-two years (1700–1822).

Cubero succeeded De Vargas as Governor. In driving from Albuquerque to Gallup we pass a little town named Cubero in his memory. It is near the tent rocks which figure in one of the Navajo myths as the starting-point of their hero-god for his race around San Mateo. Pueblo ruins abound in the vicinity of Cubero and some of the pottery fragments found there have a glaze not unlike the glazed pottery found at Puye.

It was while Cubero was Governor that the Hopi village of Awatobi was destroyed. The inhabitants of Awatobi had received favorably some Spanish missionaries and the other Hopis were determined at all costs to protect forever their native religion from the influence of the foreigner. They attacked Awatobi when the men were in the kivas and, throwing burning brands down upon them, stifled them, bearing the women and children away as captives.

De Vargas was again appointed Governor, but his return to power was a short one. While on an expedition against the Apaches he was taken ill and died at Bernalillo. His body was taken to Santa Fé and buried in the parish church, and when the present cathedral was built by Bishop Lamy over the older edifice, the remains of De Vargas were left undisturbed.

The records of the Spanish period are full of accounts of the management or mismanagement of the Spanish governors who followed each other in rapid succession and of trouble with the Indians, chiefly with the roving tribes from the plains.

Albuquerque was founded in 1706 and named for the Duke of Albuquerque who was then the reigning Viceroy.

The question of the eastern boundary of the Spanish country became acute in the years between

1803 and 1819 and was settled by a decision that Spanish control extended to the Arkansas River.

After the purchase of Louisiana from the French, the Americans turned their eyes more and more toward New Mexico and the Spanish territory, but another sovereignty was to intervene before New Mexico became one of the United States. In 1821, Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain. With that act New Mexico was no longer Spanish but Mexican, and we enter the Mexican period of her history which lasted a scant twenty-five years.

There is little to relate of this period except that this was the time of the development and growth of the Santa Fé Trail. Spanish officials had never permitted American trade in Santa Fé, but Mexico was glad to establish relations with the outside world. The story of the trail is full of adventure as the covered wagons dragged their slow way from Missouri to Santa Fé, sometimes guided and guarded by Kit Carson himself. Vaughan calls the trade with Santa Fé 'America's first romantic adventure in foreign commerce,' and romantic and adventurous it certainly was. The continual attacks of the Indians on the wagon trains were not actuated solely by a desire for plunder, but by their eagerness to keep whites off the buffalo plains. To them it was an invasion of their country and a menace to their future existence.

New Mexico, cut off by distance from Mexico itself, began to feel that it might be to its best interest if its allegiance was to America and not to Mexico, and so when war began between America and Mexico there were divided feelings in the smaller territory.

When, in 1846, Mexico refused to discuss Texas and the boundary question, claiming the whole of Texas, General Taylor was ordered to move toward Mexico City, General Wool to Chihuahua, and General Stephen W. Kearny to occupy New Mexico.

Kearny crossed Raton Pass and followed the trail which passed Wagon Mound and so to Las Vegas and on to Santa Fé, which he entered August 18, 1846. There was no resistance and so began the American occupation without a battle. General Kearny appointed Charles Bent Governor of the new territory, but General Kearny did not have the authority to establish a territory and the official organization came later.

And now new difficulties arose. The country was under military control and the soldiers were ill-disciplined and unruly and continually getting into brawls or worse. Many New Mexicans desired independence, both of Mexico and the United States. In January, 1847, the crisis came. Governor Bent was in his home in Taos. Men from the pueblo and discontents from the town broke into his house and shot and scalped him.

Mrs. Teresina Schenrich, his daughter, gives a graphic account of Governor Bent's murder and Colonel Twitchell has quoted it in his history in a note on page 235, vol. 1, as follows:

> I was only five years old at the time, but I well remember every circumstance as if it were but yesterday. It was early in the morning and we were in bed. We

were awakened by the noise of many people crowding into the placita. My father was at home from Santa Fé on a short visit and had refused a military escort. The night before he was warned of danger and urged to fly, but though there were several horses in the corrals, he declined. He had always treated everybody fairly and honestly and he felt that all were friends and he would not believe that they would turn against him. Hearing the noise he went to the door and tried to pacify the crowd yelling outside. In the adjoining room my mother, Mrs. Carson, and Mrs. Boggs, who were with us, and we children were trembling with fear, all except my brother Alfredo. He was only ten years old, but had been reared on the frontier, and he took down the shotgun and, going to my father's side, said, 'Papa, let us fight them.'

While my father was parleying with the mob, Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Boggs, aided by an Indian woman who was a slave (peon) dug a hole through the adobe wall which separated our house from the next. They did it with only a poker and an old iron spoon. I have still the poker that they used. We children were first pushed through the hole and then the women crawled through after us. My mother kept calling to my father to come also, but for quite a while he would not. When he did try to escape, he was already wounded and had been scalped alive. He crawled through the hole, holding his hand on the top of his bleeding head. But it was too late. Some of the men came after him through the hole and others came over the roof of our house and down into the yard. They broke down the doors and rushed upon my father. He was shot many times and fell dead at our feet.... At first they were going to take the rest of us away as prisoners, but finally decided to

> leave us where we were. They ordered that no one should feed us and then left us alone with our great sorrow. We were without food and had no covering but our night clothing all that day and the next night. The body of our father remained on the floor in a pool of blood.... At about three o'clock the next morning some of our Mexican friends stole up to the house and gave us food and clothing. That day, also, they took my father to bury him. A few days later we were allowed to go to their house. Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Boggs were sheltered by a friendly old Mexican who took them to his home, disguising them as squaws, and set them to grinding corn on metates in his kitchen.

Colonel Twitchell goes on to say:

> Colonel Kit Carson was in California with General Kearny at the time of the murder of Bent. Boggs was on the plains en route with the United States mail.... It was believed that if Carson and Boggs had been at Taos, Bent would not have been murdered, as Carson had great influence with the Mexicans and Indians.

When this news reached Santa Fé, Colonel Price gathered his forces and marched to Taos. The insurrectionists had gathered at the pueblo. Taos was a walled pueblo and its two closely piled community houses would shelter a large number of men. It was this battle which destroyed the old church at Taos. The Indians were entrenched in the building, but the Americans succeeded in firing the roof and in throwing shells through holes in the walls. The ensuing slaughter was merciless and the following day the Indians sued for peace.

While these disturbances were going on in New Mexico, General Scott had captured Mexico City and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed February 2, 1848. By this treaty New Mexico was ceded to the United States and the inhabitants declared to be American citizens unless they formally announced their intention of remaining citizens of Mexico.

One party desired statehood and another territoriality. This struggle resulted in the triumph of the latter and New Mexico became a fully recognized Territory in 1850.

In 1849, Colonel John M. Washington had led an expedition into the Navajo country, passing on the way through some of the pueblos. He was accompanied by Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers. Lieutenant Simpson's report to the Government of this expedition is the last journal of the three important ones mentioned in this chapter. It covers only the short period of the march, August 14 to September 26, but it contains accounts of the country and the pueblos, maps and pictures of great interest.

Bishop Lamy came to New Mexico in 1851. He was opposed by the local clergy, but his interest was in his work and not in petty struggles for supremacy, so he at once journeyed over miles of desert through a country where disaffected Indians abounded, to have a personal interview with the opposing Bishop Zubiria at Durango. This conference was successful and Bishop Zubiria resigned all jurisdiction over the American part of the diocese. This method of meeting promptly each obstacle in his path was characteristic of Bishop Lamy.

'Death Comes for the Archbishop,' by Willa Cather, gives a valuable portrayal of the life and work of Bishop Lamy and a true and vivid picture of the field wherein he worked. He was called 'the best loved man in New Mexico.' It was he who started the building of the present cathedral in Santa Fé.

Until September, 1850, the government of New Mexico had been half military and half civil and all unsatisfactory, but now a bill called 'The Organic Act' was signed by the President and New Mexico became a full-fledged Territory of the United States with Governor Calhoun as the first Governor. He had been United States Indian Agent, but his sympathy was with the native New Mexicans and not with the Indians.

Congress paid Texas ten million dollars for the land east of the Rio Grande and this settled the long-drawn-out boundary dispute to the satisfaction of the New Mexicans and without the humiliation of Texas.

The present southern boundary of the United States was decided by the Gadsden Purchase, which paid Mexico a second ten million dollars for disputed territory by which it was hoped to make possible a railroad to the coast which should run through United States territory throughout its course. The Civil War interfered with this project.

It comes as a surprise to find that a decisive battle of the Civil War was fought in New Mexico. There were sympathizers with both North and South in the Territory, but not very general intense feeling for either. The long controversy with Texas over the boundary line had crystallized sentiment against Texas, but many early pioneers and traders had been Southerners and dealings with them had developed a friendly feeling cemented by association.

The Confederate troops took possession of Tucson and captured Albuquerque and Santa Fé. Defeat of the Union forces seemed certain, but the Colorado Volunteers met the Confederates in Apache Cañon near Glorieta. They were driven back to Pigeon's Ranch and the Confederates were temporarily successful until Manuel Chaves, a New Mexican loyal to the Union, led troops over a difficult mountain pass and gained a victory which sent the Confederates back to Santa Fé, later to retreat down the Rio Grande, and the Civil War was over as far as New Mexico was concerned.

This Manuel Chaves was the father of Don Amado Chaves who, among other important posts of trust, held that of first superintendent of public instruction of the State.

An incident of this defeat of the Confederate troops reflects much credit on the Indian family of Abeita in Isleta. Money to pay the Union troops was not available and discontent was growing among them when Abeita came forward with a large loan to the United States Government which was used to pay the soldiers. It is a sad postscript to have to add that the loan was repaid only after many years and then without interest.

After the Civil War the Territory of Arizona was sliced off the western part of New Mexico and a separate territorial government set up there.

The continual internal disturbances which followed the Civil War reached a dramatic climax in the 'Lincoln County War' in which Billy the Kid was the outstanding figure. As you enter the historical museum, housed in the old palace in Santa Fé, if you turn to the right and enter the long exhibition room, you will see a small faded photograph which is the only authentic likeness of William Bonney, better known as Billy the Kid. A youth of twenty-one when he was shot by Pat Garrett, he had led one of the most powerful of the cattle bands of the county. Two factions of the cattle industry had beef contracts for the Mescalero Indian Agency and for the army post at Fort Stanton, and inevitable bad blood developed between the two. Historians say that Governor Lew Wallace was appointed for the express purpose of ending the disturbances that arose from this rivalry. If this is a fact it must be admitted that Governor Wallace did not fulfill the expectations placed in him, but he did try to interview Billy the Kid and letters exchanged between the two are still to be read. But the 'war' went on until the Kid was shot in 1878.

Two books giving the story of this lad are of interest. 'The Saga of Billy the Kid' by Walter Noble Burns, a book of literary merit and charm; and the direct account of Pat Garrett himself who, in his capacity as sheriff, followed the Kid to his death. Either account is a sad picture of a clever lad thrown into the maelstrom of a local struggle and of the turbulence of the Western country when he was forced to leave home because of his attack on a man who had insulted his mother. A dangerous desperado he became who boasted of killing twenty-one men, one for each year of his short life, 'not counting Indians and Mexicans.'

Perhaps the governorship of Lew Wallace is now remembered largely because, within the sound-proof walls of the old palace which had seen such varied occupancy and such varied conflicts, he continued his literary labor and wrote the second volume of 'Ben-Hur.'

The first railroad crossed Raton Pass in 1878 and pushed on its slow way to the coast. It is another contradiction in this land of contradictions that the Santa Fé Railroad does not touch Santa Fé, but leaves passengers at Lamy to travel up to the city by bus. Even the tiny narrow-gauge road which used to wriggle down to the main line has been abandoned and it is by motor that Santa Fé must be reached.

New Mexico became a State in 1912, and the dramatic battles of the past give way to the less picturesque struggles at the ballot box, of which this book does not treat. There are no less heroic victories to be lost or won, but those who feel the mystery and charm of the Southwest find themselves looking backward to the old days of color and enchantment.

CHAPTER III

HISTORY OF THE NAVAJO

THE Navajo — nomad originally, semi-nomad now — found his way into New Mexico from the north. He is an Athapascan, a stock widely scattered, but recognizable by very definite linguistic relationship. He comes to the Southwest a homogeneous tribe — his past lived elsewhere.

Ranging from the Arctic Coast down into New Mexico, the Athapascan group includes the Navajo and the Apache among its largest divisions. The name 'Navajo' was first used by the Spaniards, but the Navahos call themselves 'Diné,' meaning 'The People,' and some form of this word is found among widely separated groups of the Athapascan stock. The language is guttural and the grammatical construction complicated.

They are far from stoical, merry and fond of jokes. They assume the stolidity of the traditional Indian as a protection when with whites. When they so wish, their faces can become the most impenetrable of masks and their silence unbreakable.

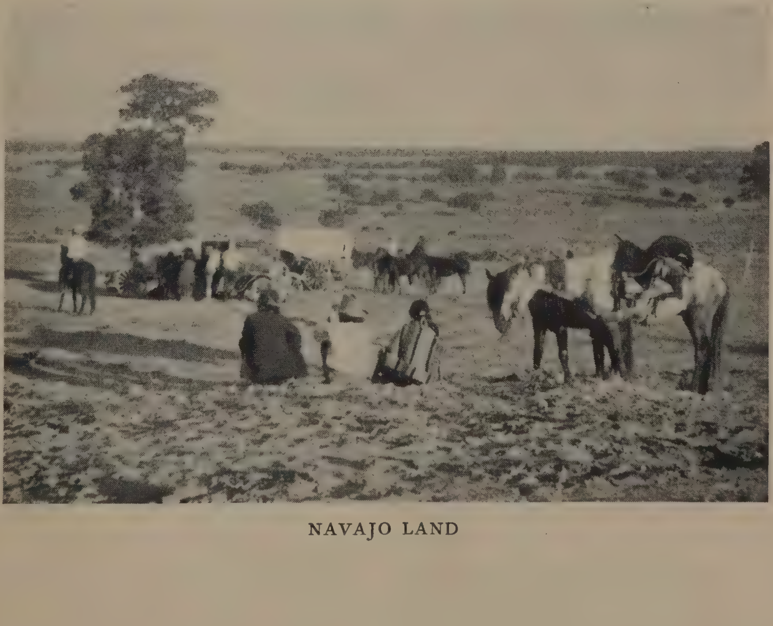
A Navajo is expected to marry within his tribe, but never within his clan, and descent is through the mother. The influence of women is well recognized and their position one of dignity and independence. There have even been a few medicine-women. I have seen one conducting a healing ceremony where the men worked under her direction on the sand painting and in carrying out the ritual.

Wherever we come upon them we find them adapting and adopting the customs, arts, and even the religious observances of the other tribes with which they come in contact. The Navajo of New Mexico and Arizona took over to himself and elaborated much that he found among the pueblos. He seems to have recognized the pueblo people as more advanced than himself, and came to consider the builders of the cliff dwellings in Cañon de Chelly as mysterious and powerful 'ancients' allied to gods. One of the Navajo sand paintings has a symbolic representation of Cañon de Chelly and its cliff-houses, and a Navajo shrinks from entering the De Chelly ruins for fear of offending the 'ancients' whose spirits still dwell there.

As far back as we can find any trace of them the Navajos were making forays on their quieter, sedentary neighbors, the pueblo folk, and when the pueblos became possessed of flocks descended from the sheep brought in by the Spaniards, these forays became more profitable and more frequent. The Navajos not only stole the sheep, but they made slaves of their war captives, and probably learned from them the art of weaving, which they carried to a perfection far exceeding that practiced by the originators. But with them the women became the weavers, as was but natural in a roving tribe where the men were occupied away from home hunting or fighting.

When the United States took possession of New Mexico in 1846, they found the Navajos already well established there and causing much trouble

MEDICINE HOGAN



NAVAJO LAND

among the more peaceful inhabitants. One expedition was made against them by Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan in 1846 and the following year Colonel John M. Washington was sent against them. Colonel Washington had with him as Topographical Engineer, Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, and Lieutenant Simpson's journal as published in the Report of the Secretary of War in 1850 is full of illuminating information about the country traversed between Santa Fé and the Cañon de Chelly. So far as the description of the country and the pueblos visited, it might have been written today. Welcome as the aid of the United States troops was to the pueblos, when we come upon the following sentence written by Lieutenant Simpson we wonder what they thought: 'Our camp for the night is on a very small rill of good water in the vicinity of some cornfields, whence, on account of the absence of any pasture, we are obliged to draw our forage.'

Colonel John H. Hughes, who wrote the history of the Doniphan expedition, says of the Navajos: 'They are celebrated for their intelligence,' and he calls them 'the noblest of American aborigines.'

These two expeditions resulted in treaties, but the treaties were soon disregarded by all concerned.

Just before the Civil War the attacks of the Apaches and the Navajos alike on white settlers and Indian village dwellers increased in frequency and violence. There were several causes. The buffalo was no longer so numerous as formerly and the Plains Indians could not now rely on that source of supply. The Mexicans were irritating the Navajos by capturing their women and children and making slaves of them. Nor were the Mexicans the only ones who held Navajo slaves. Chief Justice Kirby Benedict, in a sworn report written in 1865, says:

> As to federal officers holding this description of persons or trafficking in them, I can only say I see them attending the family of Governor Connelly, but whether claimed by himself, his wife or both, I know not. I am informed the Superintendent of Indian Affairs has one in his family, but I cannot state by what claim she is retained.

The Navajo was irritating the Mexican by stealing his sheep. The white garrisons were irritating the Navajo by marking off areas within which he might graze his flocks and shooting marauding animals found elsewhere. All was ripe for conflict, and when war broke out between the North and the South and Confederate troops came pushing in from Texas, the Federal troops were called away from Indian posts, leaving vast areas unprotected.

What is known as the Navajo War broke out in 1860. In that year the Navajos had attacked Fort Defiance. A Negro slave had been killed in a quarrel with an Indian. This incident occurred shortly after the shooting of seventy Indian ponies found grazing on Government land. General Carleton demanded the surrender of the murderer. The Indians refused to give him up, but offered to pay any required sum — a perfectly logical offer from the Indian point of view. This settlement was refused. About this time an Indian was murdered by a

Mexican near Albuquerque and the Indian, feeling, no doubt, that what was sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, demanded that the Mexican be given up. This demand was refused and the attack on Fort Defiance followed.

This attack resulted in an organized expedition against the Navajos, but until General Carleton sent out Kit Carson with five companies of volunteers, no real progress was made.

Christopher Carson was a professional hunter and scout. He had had wide experience in the Indian country, having convoyed emigrant trains and droves of cattle over the perilous Santa Fé Trail. He had been with Frémont as guide from 1842 to 1846. For a time he was Indian Agent at Taos and his house is still to be seen there. His first wife was an Indian and their daughter died not many years ago in California. His second wife was a Mexican and a sister of the wife of Governor Bent.

Here was a man fitted by experience and personality for the task to be done. He was commissioned by General Carleton to rid the country of the Navajos. The plan was to take them prisoners and convey them to a reservation at Bosque Redondo, near Fort Sumner, and this plan was actually carried out except for scattered bands here and there who managed to hide and escape capture.

Many had sought shelter in the beautiful Cañon de Chelly from which stronghold no one had been able to dislodge them until Kit Carson, by destroying flocks, fields, and crops, succeeded in starving them out.

The journey to the Bosque of this conquered race was pitiful in the extreme. Suffering and death walked with them all the way and the end of the journey was no better. Preparations for their care were inadequate. General Carleton himself wrote to the Government at Washington as follows:

> When it is considered what a magnificent pastoral and mineral country they have surrendered — a country whose value can hardly be estimated — the mere pittance in comparison which must at once be given to support them sinks into insignificance as a price for their natural heritage....
>
> Unless you make in the law all the arrangements here contemplated, you will find this interesting and intelligent race of Indians will fast diminish in numbers, until, within a few years only, not one of those who boasted in the proud name of Navajo will be left to upbraid us for having taken their birthright and then left them to perish. With other tribes whose lands we have acquired, ever since the Pilgrims stepped on shore at Plymouth, this has been done too often. For pity's sake, if not moved by any other consideration, let us, as a great nation, for once treat the Indian as he deserves to be treated. It is due to ourselves as well as to them that this be done.

And Kit Carson, to whose lot it fell to carry out this unfortunate order, never failed to express his admiration of the Navajo and his belief that 'as a general thing the difficulties arise from aggressions on the part of the whites.'

But Kit Carson did subdue the Navajos. He captured over six thousand almost without bloodshed, transported them to Fort Sumner, and put an end forever to their aggressions. It is because of this that the pueblos still call him 'Father Kit.'

Conditions at the Bosque became so deplorable that at last they could not be disregarded. The water was bad, wood scarce, illness broke out, many died, many were crippled from the forced march from their homes. At last Congress could no longer ignore the situation and after five years the Indians, on promise of good behavior, were allowed to return to their homes in 1867.

So Cañon de Chelly again has its tiny peach orchards tucked into protected angles of the cañon, where enough earth has collected to form a soil sufficiently nourishing to support them, and where the steep walls reflect back the warm sun. And tiny cornfields flourish too and Indian ponies scramble through the occasional quicksands or gallop over the harder cañon floor. Navajo wagons plod steadily along, scraps of ceremonial song sound from some secluded hogan, sheep bells tinkle.

But Cañon de Chelly is only a tiny spot on this large reservation, the largest in the United States. The Navajo race is increasing. The principal need of the Navajo today is water: water for stock and water for humans; water, and more effective medical help, for trachoma and tuberculosis, white men's diseases both, are exacting their toll.

CHAPTER IV

THE NAVAJO TODAY

SCATTERED about on the desert, in piñon groves, in cañon nooks, against sunny mesa walls, here, there, and everywhere as if thrown out by some gigantic pepper-pot, on reservation land, on allotted land, on what is known as Presidential land, on railroad land, nowhere gathered into anything resembling a village, are the homes of the semi-nomad Navajo.

Taller than the pueblo people, more active, more alert, less philosophical and contemplative, austere when he does not know you, merry when he does, the Navajo is the largest tribe of Indians extant today — twenty-six thousand of them, according to conservative estimates, while other authorities claim thirty-six thousand, and they are increasing.

The homes of the Navajos are so perfectly at one with their surroundings that they are all but invisible and are easily overlooked by an unobservant passer-by. The winter hogan is carefully built of logs, the cracks stopped on the outside with earth, a well-pounded floor of earth, a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, sometimes now a real wooden door with hasp and lock, sometimes still a blanket curtain; no windows, but plenty of chinks through which dark eyes can peep. These hogans differ in size, some measuring fifteen feet across. They are dry and warm and well ventilated. Get permission to go into one and stay awhile, watching the family life go on about you. You will be surprised at the physical well-being possible in such simple surroundings.

Sheepskins are there for beds by night or seats by day. Articles of household use are tucked away between the logs or hang from nails. Pictures, too, brighten the log walls. If the man is a silversmith his short bit of rail from the railroad, which serves him as anvil, his tiny oven and his bellows may be on one side of the room, but unless the weather is severe he likes to work in the open, and the same is true of his wife whose loom may be attached to the inner wall of the hogan, but more often is found tied between two trees outside where a shelter of boughs protects her from the sun. The children from six years old up, like Joseph of old, care for incredibly large flocks, aided by wise and very unprepossessing-looking dogs.

In many hogans there is a box with a curtain hanging in front of it for the family cat. Not a happy-looking pussy, unused to petting and ignorant of milk. When even the babies get no milk, why worry about the cats?—but with large herds of goats at the very door we may be permitted to wonder why babies and cats alike are not milk-fed.

In front a brush shelter often forms a sort of outside sitting-room.

The summer hogan is of brush closely piled against upright stakes. A lightly constructed house, shady and open to the breezes, but hardly comfortable when a sudden gust of rain beats upon it. Both summer and winter hogans always face the east.

It is from homes as primitive as these that the marvelous Navajo rug comes to us, glowing with color and with designs amazing in beauty and intricacy. Here, too, are made the necklaces, rings, and bracelets of silver that we come upon everywhere in the Southwest, for these silver ornaments are sought by all the other tribes and form the Navajo medium of trade.

The hogan in which a death has occurred must be burned, and so a temporary hogan is often built for a sick person in order to save the more permanent dwelling of the family. In this custom we see a hygienic provision now embalmed in custom, a wholesome prevention of contagion.

A Navajo dislikes touching a dead body. In the past the dead were put into crevices in the rocks and covered with stones to protect them from coyotes, but now such burials would be liable to desecration by the white man, and so the Indian, when he can, calls upon some friendly trader to bury his dead for him. When possible, this is done in the cemetery attached to some mission, but when distance makes this impracticable, the burial takes place at some secluded spot nearer home. Personal effects are buried with the body, but the custom of killing the favorite horse is not now common except in remoter districts.

In the old days the Navajo moved about as his flocks moved and the hogan was even less of a permanent home than it is today. But the ceremonies incident to its building and the house blessing held in it when it is built are among the most beautiful of Navajo rituals.

The Navajo resembles the Apache. Both are of

Athapascan stock and speak languages akin. The hair of both men and women is worn long, parted and drawn back into a knot tied in the middle, club-like. The men are now turning from the picturesque band around the head to the Stetson, and, saving their native garb for ceremonial occasions, appear in the ubiquitous overalls of the white man, but their real dress consists of white cotton trousers, slit for a few inches up the sides, a velvet blouse, often of some bright hue, dull red moccasins with silver buttons, and a belt studded with silver disks, called conchos. Often turquoise earrings and necklaces are added, and, if you look closely, you will see a tiny turquoise bead tied in the knot of hair, a very precious good-luck charm.

Unfortunately the beautiful blanket has been largely superseded for personal wear by the 'Pendleton' factory-made substitute, nearly as warm and much less costly. Men, women, and children wear these. It is amusing to see how skillfully the little tots manage theirs, and a blanket takes some managing. Try it and see. The blouse of the women resembles that of the men and they wear very voluminous long skirts and many of them. To see a Navajo woman mount her horse astride in these skirts is interesting. Perhaps she has a baby slung in a shawl at her back and a bag of provisions across her saddle, which bag may even hold the puss whose home is in the curtained box in the hogan.

The name Navajo is probably of Spanish origin. There are many explanations of it, none very satisfactory, but the Navajo's name for himself is 'Diné' meaning 'The People.' Like every other racial entity, the Navajos feel themselves above all other races and everyone outside the tribe is a foreigner, an inferior.

The Navajo was always a warrior like his cousin, the Apache, and attacked the sedentary pueblo people whenever opportunity offered. Because he was a nomad, he has no history and leaves no traces for archeologists to uncover beyond the tales preserved in the memories of his victims. Fading away before armed forces, he returned when they had passed as water flows back into unfilled spaces.

The Navajo in his native state lives by a strict moral code and punishes severely any deviation from it. To understand his attitude, we have only to turn to the Old Testament and read the records of that other pastoral people, the early Hebrews. The analogies are striking. When we live among the Navajos we are living in Old Testament times. The Navajos would understand Old Testament law, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'; 'cursed be he who moveth his neighbor's landmark.' He would understand serving seven years for Leah and then seven more for Rachel. The story of Jacob and the mess of pottage would need no interpretation for him. There are aged medicine-men sitting in front of their hogans today with the deep spiritual insight of the patriarchs of old.

The Navajo must marry within the tribe, but may not marry within the clan. This keeps the tribal stock pure without inbreeding. As a matter of marriage is one of purchase from the bride's family (again see the Old Testament and the story of Rachel), it happens that a young man often cannot afford a young and very desirable wife and buys an older woman, while an older man, who has amassed some wealth, can buy the younger woman. The result is ill-assorted couples in many instances.

There is one curious taboo which, while found among Indian tribes east and west, reaches the height of its observance among the Navajos — the mother-in-law taboo. A man may not look into the face of his mother-in-law lest he go blind. It is interesting to observe how quietly and yet how rigorously this custom is observed today. Riding with a young Indian he may make some excuse to leave you and join you farther down the trail. Soon you will come upon a hogan with a woman at its door. If he should meet his mother-in-law unexpectedly, she will throw her blanket over her head. I laughingly referred to this taboo to a Sioux friend. She gently said that the ancients were wise; they knew that this relationship was one peculiarly subject to strain and — she hesitated — as what Indian does not when about to criticize the 'superior race,' 'There are no vulgar mother-in-law jokes among Indians.'

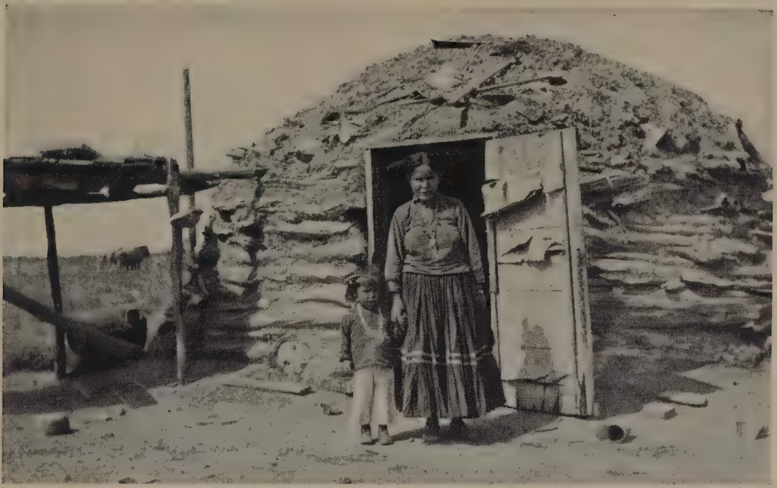
There is one way of avoiding the danger. It has happened that a man has married the mother of the young girl he hopes some day to make his wife, and then later has married the daughter. In this case the two women can live together and no evil results will follow.

Property does not descend to the wife and children, but when a man dies it goes to his brother or sometimes to a distant male relative.

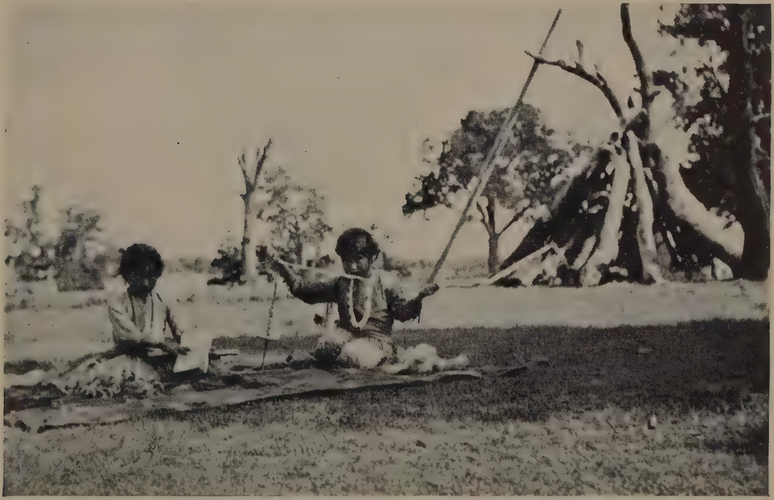
The Navajos were formerly slave-owners, and in 1927 the writer saw a man who, captured when a child from the Hopi, is still held a slave. He is an old man now and has been given a Navajo wife. He would be quite lost and unhappy were he to be returned to the home of his childhood in Hopiland. Whether his master will continue to be good to him when he is no longer useful is a question. The Navajo, while tender to children, has little respect for old age or infirmity, although in this respect he is better than his pueblo neighbor.

The Spaniards brought sheep. That is the first historic event that was of supreme importance to the Navajo. He secured these sheep by theft or purchase or by caring for them when their pueblo owners were seeking shelter from their white enemies on far-away mesas and he developed into the very finest of shepherds. Indeed, some writers cite this as one proof of a Mongol ancestry, a throw-back to the days when he herded sheep on the steppes of Asia.

Before the Spanish sheep came into the country, the Navajo woman had woven crude blankets from the skins of rabbits, but now the wool blanket was made, and the art developed until the Navajo blanket became a thing of beauty in color, texture, and design. In the very finest of the old blankets the reds and blues are woven of bayeta. Bayeta is a cloth brought into the country first by the Spaniards and eagerly sought by the Indians, who unraveled it and rewove it into their blankets. There are some



NAVAJO WOMAN AND CHILD



NAVAJO CHILDREN SPINNING YARN

blankets still in existence woven from the yarn raveled out of old army uniforms, but these are rare indeed. A blanket containing the blue and red of old bayeta is today very costly and seldom found.

The old specimens are all on wool warp, but there came a time when the art declined and the traders furnished the Indians with cheap dyes and cotton warp. Now that the appreciation of the really beautiful blanket has been reawakened, the art is reviving and we have today specimens of rare beauty. The traders, the best of them, will not sell cotton warp or take blankets made of it, and they are encouraging the Indians to go back to native dyes. Many of the modern blankets and rugs are fine and beautiful, firm of weave, with wool warp, original designs, and good colors.

There is a belief among the Navajos that a perfect thing means the end and that if a woman should weave an absolutely perfect rug she would die. So the best weavers always introduce some slight irregularity or imperfection into the design, usually imperceptible unless searched for. This irregularity adds interest for those who care for the perpetuation of the old racial customs.

Of late a new type of blanket has appeared which has a certain interest of its own. The sacred sand paintings used in the religious rituals have been carried in the memory of the medicine-men for long years. As the legends were preserved by being passed orally from man to man, so the sand paintings were never reproduced in any permanent form for reference, each painting being destroyed during its use in the ceremony. But some one wove a sand-painting rug. Rumor has it that the woman who did this was killed by order of the tribe. But certain it is that such rugs are now appearing in the market. One woman who wove a sand-painting rug, with the consent of the medicine-men in 1927, had a Yei-bei-chai sing given for her to remove a possible curse, the sing being paid for by the trader who persuaded her to weave the rug. The price asked for it, therefore, was correspondingly high.

So there are now genuine sand-painting rugs, beautiful things, accurate representations of sand paintings. These are woven with the consent of the medicine-men and a medicine-man himself sometimes weaves the faces of the Yei and some of the more significant symbols. Such rugs are naturally rare, as they take a long time to weave and are difficult to make. They are not intended for use on the floor, for tramping over with shod feet. They are not appropriate for floor rugs. In fact I cannot imagine anyone buying them at all except to preserve a record, a serious and valuable record, of curious rites which may follow other of the Indian rites into oblivion as the whites press into their country. Such rugs are, of course, always modern.

There are many cheap so-called Yei rugs on the market, but they merely have crude figures of the Yei woven in without regard to symbolism in color or design and are of no significance whatever. A genuine sand-painting rug is rare, and the more conservative Navajos regret this commercializing of their ritual.

The other art in which the Navajo excells is silverwork, this also of late development, for only with the Spaniard came the silver peso which could be molded or beaten into the beautiful ornaments which the Indian so delights to wear. But the Navajo had an inherent right to the craft, for his Athapascan cousins of Alaska made ornaments of gold.

Buttons, silver bosses for belts, decorations for his horse's bridle, necklaces, bracelets, and rings and the ornaments with which he adorns his leather bow-guard are all fashioned of silver, often with turquoise insets. The designs are original, intricate, and beautiful. This art, too, went through a period of exploitation when sheet silver or German silver was furnished by the trader instead of the Mexican dollar, and trashy stuff was, and still is, turned out in great quantities to tempt the uninformed tourist. But these can never be confused with the fine old work or with the hardly less beautiful and characteristic modern work of high grade. Some traders are conscientiously trying to encourage the Indian to make old designs and also to adopt some adaptations which will make his work usable and salable and yet preserve the art pure in type and execution. One trader, who has done more than any other to bring this about, was horrified when one of his silversmiths, imbued with the idea of adaptation, proudly brought in a silver doughnut cutter with ten dollars' worth of silver in it. It was actually sold, but I believe there has been no duplicate.

The Navajo makes his beautiful objects with the simplest tools. An old piece of rail for an anvil, a pan of charcoal for an annealing oven, but he has, if he is one of the best workers, stamps and dyes of his own make which are adapted to special designs, and one silversmith can often tell by close examination who has made a special piece of jewelry.

The silver used is the Mexican dollar. This has just the right proportion of silver and alloy and takes the lovely luster that lends distinction to the Indian work.

It is a curious fact that though his blankets and his silver work date from the time of the Spaniard, yet the Navajo is still untouched in any essential way by white influence. Lummis says of him: 'All his creeds, ideals, ceremonials, garb, are primitive and pagan, all his industries are European.'

He is a great adapter. His wonderful weaving was copied and elaborated from the pueblo weavers, his silver work he took from the Mexicans, his horsemanship from the Spaniards, his sand painting from the pueblo folk again, and in all these pursuits he has outstripped his teachers. Much of his mythology and ritual also bear the stamp of his pueblo neighbors, but always he elaborates.

The main wealth of the Navajo today is in his flocks. Everywhere in Navajo land are seen large herds, usually tended by the children and the dogs. In the dipping season sheep and goats in large numbers may be seen coming in to the Government dipping vats. Women come to the help of the youngsters at this time and great crowds gather to trade, chat, and attend to the dipping. The animals are dipped to protect them from scab, and all must be dipped at least once a year. If there is any indication that the first treatment was not effective, they must undergo the ordeal a second time in a few weeks. The Indian is charged a few cents a head for the dip and pays in kind, a certain number of sheep for the herd.

Every Navajo herd has goats in it. A goat is a more enterprising animal than a sheep and will lead the flock to near-by pasturage, whereas a sheep would starve if food were not directly under his nose. The goats are kept for their hides, and many so-called 'French kid' gloves are made from the hide of the Navajo goat.

A goat is useful, too, in scattering the herd and keeping them from bunching. A goat is braver and will challenge the attacking coyote, while a sheep becomes a passive victim. Many stories are told of the stupidity of sheep, but one is characteristic of them all. They say in the Southwest that if a stick is held at a low jumping distance across the opening of a corral when the sheep are being driven out, the first few will leap over it. Then, if the stick is removed, all the rest will continue to leap until the very last lamb is out.

The Navajos are a deeply religious people. Whatever we may think of their religion, they live it and are a bit puzzled when white folks come to them preaching a God of love and demonstrating only too often a God of hate. They have many ceremonies, but none of the very long and complicated ones can take place until, as they say, the thunder sleeps, and so it is only in the winter months that one can see the two most wonderful of their ceremonies, the Yei-bei-chai and the Mountain Chant. These are both healing ceremonies.

Navajo ceremonies have a fourfold function: healing, worship, perpetuation of the myths, and social gathering. The more elaborate of them take nine days for their enacting and Washington Matthews says he knows of seventeen of these. No one medicine-man has mastered them all, and now, as white civilization presses closer in upon the tribe, the younger Indian, caught in the rush of life even in his desert, is forced out of his historic setting and no longer has time or opportunity for the long period of preparation requisite for learning them, and some of the most marvelous of them will die with the men now able to conduct them.

The sand painting is an important part of these rites. The making of these paintings is very interesting. A large medicine hogan is erected and the floor covered with clean yellow sand. Many men work at the painting at one time, but it is under the supervision of the officiating medicine-man. The design appropriate for the special ceremony in progress is traced on this background with different-colored pigments made from ground rock. This is done by dribbling the colors between the thumb and forefinger, and it requires much patience and practice to draw a firm, straight line. Each detail is carefully watched by the Indians grouped about the wall, and any deviation or omission is quickly called to the attention of the workers. Every detail is symbolic to the tiniest feather-tip. Often the picture represents the Yei, or Navajo gods, each with his characteristic symbols, and a curious fact is that these figures are always drawn first unclothed and the robes are put on later. Many of the pictures are surrounded by a rainbow symbol. Sometimes this figure is anthropomorphic, with the feet at one end and the head at the other. Always an open space is left toward the entrance of the hogan, which is east.

There is an idea current that a sand painting must be destroyed before sunset. This arises from the fact that in these healing rites the patient is placed upon the picture for treatment. Sand from different parts of it are rubbed upon corresponding parts of the patient, and the picture becomes defaced. But it has become sacred by virtue of the prayers and sprinklings, and so, later, the sand is carried out of the hogan and deposited with special rites in some designated spot.

The Navajo adopted sand painting from the pueblo Indians, but, as always, he elaborated. The pueblo painting is a crude representation of symbols, done in colored sands on a background of white sand and is made in front of an altar in the kiva. There is none of the intricacy and beauty of a Navajo sand painting in its pueblo ancestor.

Most of the religious ceremonies of the Navajo are concerned with the healing of the sick. Unlike the pueblo Indians he does not so often attempt to influence the elements nor does he dwell on such intimate terms with his gods. A nature worshiper he is, or rather, he sees in nature the physical representation of his gods. His hogan faces east. He invokes a blessing on it with one of his very most beautiful rituals. There is a war dance which whites have not been allowed to see, and when it is held or what form it takes is still a secret known to the Navajos themselves and only to them. There is a rite of consecration of the religious paraphernalia of the medicine-men and the contents of their medicine-bags.

The two great dances, the Night Chant, or Yei-bei-chai, and the Mountain Chant, are healing dances. The myths are the foundations of these. These myths go on and on and on, no climax, not much plot, but beautiful in imagery and description. The myth on which the Mountain Chant is founded describes first the migrations of a Navajo family, and then the adventures of one of their number who is captured by the Utes and is rescued by the gods, or Yei. His adventures during the escape form the main part of the myth and on his way home he is led by his attendant Yei, to various sacred places where he is taught the details of the dance in which he later instructs the Navajo. The hero visits the House of the Dew, the House of White Water Running Across, the Butterfly House, and has quaint experiences in the House of the Bush Rat, and so forth. He is taught to make ceremonial sand paintings symbolizing these travels.

When one of the great ceremonies is to be performed, the family of the patient secures the services of a medicine-man who then has charge of the entire nine days' ceremonies. A site is selected far from the highroad when possible and where water and wood can be had, and a temporary hogan is erected for the patient and one for the medicine-man and his assistants. Four sand paintings are made on four different days and a trusted guest may watch its making and others of the less mysterious rites in the medicine hogan.

The first time the opportunity came to me of seeing part of the Mountain Chant was in 1927. When we slipped under the blanket hanging over the door, we seemed to step right out of any world we had ever known before. Could this be America in 1927? We were in a large hogan. Around the sides on the floor were seated seventeen men and five women. There were three children held in the arms of the women. Directly in front of us and filling the entire central part of the hogan was a large and intricate sand painting. I had seen pictures of these paintings, but I was totally unprepared for the delicacy and beauty of the one before me. No subsequent experience ever gave me quite the feeling that did that first glimpse of a true painting. On it, facing east, sat two women patients, naked to the waist, hands on their laps, legs straight out in front of them, and feet bare. The sacred fire burned to the east of the painting, between it and the door, but remember this was December and at an altitude of seven thousand feet. At one corner of the painting stood a group of cups filled with some liquid on the surface of which pollen was floating. At the opposite corner was the pile of the medicine-man's paraphernalia, feather bundles, rattles, medicine-bags, etc. Prayer plumes were placed upright at intervals and the medicine-man was chanting to the accompaniment of a rattle. There is no drum used in the Mountain Chant. It all sounds so dead in words, but whose motionless figures, the symbolic paraphernalia, the silent Indians, made an indelible impression. The women ranged along the side made room for us on the floor beside them, and one of the women on the painting, whom I knew, smiled a little smile of welcome as I sat down on her discarded blankets by the wall.

It would be tiresome to describe the ritual. Long songs repeated with but slight variations over and over again, the medicine given in a sacred shell, the rubbing of the patients with sand taken from corresponding parts of the figures in the painting, the blessing, the chanting, and the complicated forms carried on with such obliviousness to our presence that it almost seemed as though we were invisible participants in some age-old rite that was taking place centuries ago.

Turn to Washington Matthews's wonderfully detailed account of this rite and of that other equally interesting one, the Night Chant, for a scientific setting forth of it all.

The last night of the Mountain Chant is given over to the sensational fire dance, and the Navajos flock in from many miles around to participate in the closing dance and to catch crumbs of healing that fall from the main table.

There were, perhaps, fifteen hundred Indians gathered at the fire dance I saw in 1927. We sat with them all night in the 'Dark Circle,' a large brush corral, with the weather so cold that the water froze in the radiators of our cars, although the men ran out from time to time to start the engines, while Indians, naked except for their breechcloths, danced around a blazing fire, beat each other with blazing brands, staged intricate Navajo magic, and chanted interminable songs. The patients sat opposite the central entrance in a sort of stage box, wrapped now in their blankets, while the medicine-men, with rattle accompaniment, sang the healing songs before them all the long night.

The audience was as interesting as the performers. Family groups, the passive faces of the women illuminated by the firelight, babies on baby-boards, toddlers curled up in blankets. When you go to a fire dance always examine carefully any blanket before you sit down, for it frequently contains a baby with a watchful mother not far away.

All night it continued — the blaze of the fire, the smell of the warm pine boughs of the corral, the pungent smoke, the incessant beat of the rattles, and the high-pitched voices; then dawn came, fair and peaceful and quiet, the weird song ceased, the sacred boughs tipped with eagle feathers were thrown into the flames, and the crowd of Indians stood facing the east and the morning star.

It is impressive to come upon some ritual being enacted far from the highroad, with no attention being paid to outsiders, where even a careful study of what literature exists on the subject fails to give any real inkling of what is going on. I attended one such ceremony and the picture will remain with me always, although the significance escaped me entirely.

We arrived late in the afternoon on a wide rolling hilltop far from the highroad, and as night came on the countryside was dotted with little fires where different family groups were cooking the evening meal. The night was clear and the very brightest of New Mexican moons was in the sky. From the slight rise where the dance took place we could see for many miles by its light. The distant cliffs showed pink, the sky was deep blue velvet, and even the moon could not pale the brilliance of the stars. Later a bonfire was lighted in front of a brush shelter and a circle formed. The Indians insisted on bringing our automobile to the edge of the circle, and we took our blankets and sat with our backs against the bumper where we could see and hear.

There were sacred songs and rattling in a medicine hogan near-by, but we made no attempt to force our way in, for we were outsiders and none of our Indian friends were here to vouch for us. There were plenty of Indians who knew who we were and plenty who spoke English, but, though they showed us the utmost courtesy, their English had deserted them entirely for the time being. We were three whites and many hundred Navajos. There were circle songs, and songs apparently directed to some old men seated in the bower. There were young girls who danced with ceremonial wands. Once 'Big Fanny,' a regal Navajo woman, whose silly white name by no means conveys the idea of her dignity, rode through the circle on horseback up to the shelter and handed some bracelets and blankets to the men inside. We had no inkling at any time of the significance of it all, but we knew the significance was there, and obtained a very definite impression of religious feeling.

The Navajos have a curious custom which they call 'making string pictures.' It is a sort of glorified cat's-cradle. It is associated with story-telling and may be done only in winter when the 'thunder sleeps.' One person alone makes these pictures, not two working together as with our cat's-cradle. Some of these represent the planets and are supposed to be used to teach the children the places of the stars in the firmament; some represent familiar objects, a coyote, an arrow, a running horse, the North Star, the Seven Pleiades, etc. The younger men have lost this art of making string pictures, but the older medicine-men are remarkably adept at it and may show you if they are assured of respectful interest.

A medicine-man is a person of great consequence among the Navajos, although he is not set apart from the daily life of his tribe as is the pueblo counterpart, the cacique. He holds in his memory the complicated ritual of various ceremonies and in his keeping the paraphernalia used. He knows the long, long songs that accompany them.

Singing is formalized among the Indians. It relies on rhythm and on repetition and is impossible to reproduce on a keyed instrument. Only a few know the tribal songs and the women do not sing. Most songs have a religious significance, but there are secular songs which you may hear occasionally sung with much gusto and laughter. I doubt whether these secular songs have any great antiquity, but the sacred chants are old beyond the memory of man.

All Indians love to borrow songs from other tribes. Not long ago I stood outside the window of a house in far-off Hopiland and listened as a Hopi father swung his baby's cradle and sang a Navajo lullaby.

All Indians of the Southwest value eagle feathers, and those used for ceremonial purposes must be secured without the shedding of blood. The very sky is apportioned into districts where different medicine-men may hunt eagles for the precious feathers.

The Navajo hunter digs a pit which he covers over with boughs. As a decoy he fastens a rabbit or a prairie dog outside. When the eagle pounces upon the bait, his feet come through into the trap and the Indian seizes him and drags him in, stunning him by a peculiar hypnotic stroking of his head, and then killing him by breaking his back. One of the copies of a sand painting in the hotel at Gallup shows this trap.

But the first eagle isn't killed. He is decked out with turquoise and wampum and other precious objects and then released to go and tell the other eagles how well the Navajos have treated him.

The uncle of the man who showed me the string pictures still catches eagles in this way in Chaco Cañon. He is nearly blind, but he hides alone in the trap and successfully secures the requisite number of these savage birds. This man is one of the few remaining magicians.

PAWN

The accepted idea of pawn for the most of us brings up a picture of indigence, of people compelled to part with articles that are dear to them and which they have treasured until dire penury necessitated giving them up.

Pawn as practiced among the Navajo Indians is not this sort of thing at all. It is a kind of primitive banking. As we put savings into a bank instead of into a stocking, so the Indian puts his savings into pawn, and the fact that his are in the form of silver jewelry, fine turquoise, rare baskets, silver-mounted bridles, belts, and the like, changes the principle of the thing not a bit.

The Indian trader is the Indian's banker. To him the Navajo brings his treasures and from him gets money or store goods for his immediate needs. A good trader is as careful about his responsibility toward pawned goods or 'pawn,' for the word has become a noun, as a good banker about the investments of his clients. A trader will seldom yield to the temptation to sell it until it is 'dead.' When pawn is declared 'dead,' it means that either the Indian who placed it in pawn has died, leaving no one to claim it, or has become bankrupt and will never be able to redeem it, in which case the trader must get out of the article his return for whatever has been lent on it.

A pretty custom prevails among the traders who allow the Indians to withdraw all their pawn before some important festival. Necklaces, belts, bracelets come forth from the traders' cupboards to adorn their owners and to be conscientiously returned after the festival. Compare the white society woman who keeps her jewels in the vault of her bank.

When a trader has held pawn the required time or longer and has decided to sell it, he hangs it out where it can be seen and, if possible, warns the owner. After a period long enough for the news to travel and for the owner to redeem it if he so wishes and is able, it is then termed 'dead pawn' and can be sold. Some traders hold pawn longer than others and all make special concessions to Indians they know as 'good customers' or those known to be in trouble or ill.

When a tourist comes into a remote trading post and asks to see the pawn, the Indians group around, full of interest. They too like to handle the beautiful and interesting pieces and they often have a more intelligent appreciation than the prospective buyer. They discuss the merits of this and the history of that article among themselves, and underneath is reluctance to see good bits go out of the community and into white hands. In the face of this quiet audience, brave would be the trader who would overstep the established rules governing pawn.

Any unfairness or even what might be considered undue strictness in regard to pawn is as serious to the Indian mind as lack of integrity on the part of a banker to us and mysterious things have happened to unscrupulous traders.

Located in lonely spots, far from highways or towns, the trader depends for his business reputation and even his physical safety on the standing he holds among his Indian customers. The best of them are very careful to maintain their position of trust.

CHAPTER V

DEAD CITIES

There was laughter here once — and now there's silence. There was life — and now there's death. Men cut these little steps, made these arrow-heads and mealing stones, plaited the ropes. — ZANE GREY, *Riders of the Purple Sage.*

NOT very many years ago the traveler who had visited Frijoles, Puyé, and perhaps the cliff-dwellings of the Cañon de Chelly could boast a pretty comprehensive experience of the ruins of the Southwest. But now the automobile and the highway have extended the field and Chaco Cañon, Aztec and Mesa Verde are easy of access, while Betatakin and Kietsiel, farther away, are yet not impossible to the ambitious sight-seer.

As for the archeologist, each season offers new fields for him to conquer and each excavation yields surprises and data to check or to prove the findings of the season before. On ruins one just can't keep up to date.

In this area the archeologist finds a happy hunting ground. There are very few spots where a little search will not disclose evidences of former occupancy to the eye trained to recognize them. Pottery sherds on the surface, a crumbling wall across the opening of a tiny cave, objects fashioned by human hands coming to the surface after heavy rains or on the turn of a spade, mounds scarcely raised above the plain, but with the characteristic coloring that denotes ruins. In cactus country dense growths of this spiny plant cover mounds where ruins hide — perhaps because the ruined walls offered crannies where rodents stored their winter supplies of seeds. Nelson suggests this and the suggestion seems plausible, for those clearly defined cactus-covered mounds can hardly find other explanation. Another signal of hidden history is the darker color of some mounds after a heavy rain. When the ruins are of adobe their walls hold the moisture and a different surface coloring results. So universal is this mute testimony that others have been here before us that we are tempted to suppose that a great multitude of aboriginal folk teemed over this country, and to wonder how these semi-arid spaces could support a population so vast.

But these evidences of occupation point, not to great numbers, but to the influence of this very semi-aridity — a restless population, drifting, ever drifting here and there, following water-courses, seeking more fertile valleys or more remote refuges from enemies, pushed on by pestilence, perhaps by a deep-seated impulse for change of environment.

There was indeed a period when the population was greater than when the Spaniard came. He was not altogether responsible for the gathering together into more compact areas for defense, nor can we trace it all to the encroachments of Ute, Apache, and Navajo, who were undoubtedly responsible in some measure. The pueblo people had reached their zenith of development long before 1540. The grand period of pueblo culture had passed. The entrance to Bonito had been narrowed to a single gateway and much of the city had been abandoned. And this was true elsewhere. A decline had set in.

The generally accepted divisions of culture of the sedentary Indians of the Southwest which are in use today have been adopted for convenience and represent no hard-and-fast lines. Basket-Maker 1, 2, and 3. Pueblo 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Into these divisions we arrange the history of the Indian, and it makes the recent excavations carried on by Frank Roberts fit most interestingly into the constructed picture of Bonito at its highest point and also into the kiva ceremonies of the modern Hopi. From all these progressive cultures we may take the earliest and the latest and see the significant resemblances of some of the units of house construction. The comparison is clearest in the kiva, that religious and social room which has held longest the conservative forms, as do always the rooms devoted to such purposes. In pit house and kiva alike we find the central fire pit, the small hole called 'sipapu,' the deflector back of the fire, the shaft opening, etc.

The Indian then, as today, drifted, abandoned one site for another, crept here and there, amœba-like, across his territory, driven by enemies or famine, led by richer fields or more adequate water supply. The drift still goes on, impeded and slowed down by the ever-encroaching white man. This prehistoric drift makes rich hunting for the archeologist as he excavates here and there, led by instinct or deduction, and traces, little by little, the migrations of this clan or that, making the history of the Southwest more interesting at every turn of his trowel. But the passing enthusiast who digs up skeletons and pots indiscriminately, calling every find 'prehistoric,' failing to note position, form, depth, all the evidences that make these finds of value to the informed student, and then carries them out of their significant setting only to discard them as more sensational bits catch his eye, confuses the issue for the trained student.

Not so very long ago, as scientists count time, it was quite permissible to say that the cliff-dwellers were a tiny people. Witness their small doors, for instance. But small doors are easier to close with an animal hide or a blanket against the cold, and it was well for the householder to have a doorway that caused the entering stranger to stoop, presenting an unprotected head to the war-club of his host should he be unwelcome. It used to be considered a settled fact that cliff-dwellers preceded pueblo-dwellers. But now we know that the available material and situation had much to do with the type of construction and our time sequences are more accurate and, incidentally, more interesting.

The Basket-Makers were a race apart from the pueblo people. Their skulls were long and undeformed by the baby-board. Their houses were too perishable to have left ruins behind, but we find their sandals, square-toed and different from those of the later arrivals. We find their burial cists, and we marvel that a people who could weave such intricate patterns into baskets and sandals never reached a higher level of civilization than they attained. They are a race whose disappearance is shrouded in mystery, though an occasional unusual skull shape among the pueblos may indicate some slight overlapping between the disappearance of one and the coming of the other.

The earliest Basket-Makers were non-agricultural. Basket-Maker 2 began to cultivate crops and Basket-Maker 3 had some fired pottery.[1]

Pueblo 1 is what we know as the 'small-house period.' When we come to Pueblo 2, we find that outside pressure has forced the small house-dweller to change to the communal house for protection. Pueblo 3 is the grand period, and Bonito, Mesa Verde, Betatakin, and Kietsiel flourished then. Pueblo 4 is the period from the coming of the Spaniard until the present time, and Pueblo 5 is the culture we find in the pueblos of today.

The method which the early Indians used in the construction of their houses was largely determined by the material available. In the district now known as the 'Navajo National Monument,' and in this district alone, the adobe was mixed with straw. We at once recall the difficulty experienced by the Hebrews in Egypt when compelled to make bricks without straw, for here as there sun-dried brick made of the viscous clay of the region was the obvious material to use and the need for some binding ingredient was soon made plain even to the aboriginal builder. So in Betatakin, Kietsiel, and Inscription House, the builders strengthened the adobe by mixing in chopped yucca fiber.

True adobes are found in Cañon de Chelly. Stone was used when available and when it was a stone that could be easily worked, as in the Hopi villages. Farther south at Casa Grande, the adobe was not made into bricks or even into large balls as is found at some places, but was piled on the wall wet, successive layers being added as the undercourses dried. Only here at Casa Grande the material is not a true adobe, but caliche, and near the compound ancient caliche mines still show hollowed places where the caliche was wetted and worked before being taken to the wall of the building. Jacal construction, resembling that in use today among the Pimas, can be found. Upright poles, mud-covered and chinked. All these differences point more to available material than to differences in culture.

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[1] Kidder maintains that it is 'quite possible that the Basket-Makers as we know them lived as long ago as fifteen hundred or two thousand years before Christ.'

The roof-beams often had to be carried many miles from the nearest forest and their presence proves the tremendous effort to which the builders were forced to go to build their homes, for they had no beasts of burden. So precious were these beams that, if forced to move the village site, they were carried away by the migrating people and the abandoned home fell a quick victim to the elements. But getting roof-beams was not a recurring task, and once brought to the village and placed they were everlasting, so proximity to a forest was not so important as proximity to water and tillable soil.

Fewkes points out that caves, cliff villages, and valley and mesa pueblos were often inhabited simultaneously, the geology of the district and not the time element being the determining factor.

While there are characteristic variations in the ruins which denote differences in culture or in the clans which built them, which variations are very important in tracing migrations of the clans, there are some features which are almost universal.

Corn was the most important item of food and the prominence of corn in the pueblo rituals and myths still bears witness to this fact. The story of the development of corn from a single-kerneled grass, originating in Mexico, is fascinating, but when the pueblo people had reached the Southwest they had already developed corn to a wonderful degree. Different-colored varieties figured then as now in the rites, and a type of corn which would mature in the short growing season of the area was developed. In the ruins are found corncobs, corn still stored in bins or in walled-up rock storehouses, dried husks, strings braided so the ears could be hung up to dry as they are today. Everywhere metates, those stones on which the early housewife ground her corn as do her present-day descendants. A metate is a stone slab, sometimes of lava, sometimes of granite, often a stone which must have been brought a great distance. These stones were usually set into bins, three side by side, to allow for grinding three grades of corn; the kernel broken up in the first, ground finer in the second, and brought to its flour-like consistency in the third. The grinding was done by rubbing with another stone shaped conveniently to the hand, called a 'mano.' These bins were placed just far enough from the wall to allow the women to kneel behind them and face the center of the room. The metates and manos found on the ruins are valued by the present-day Indians. Those discovered during excavations at Awatobi were eagerly carried off to Walpi. Did the men of those days stand in the doorway playing the lovely flute grinding song as they still do at Zuñi? We like to think they did.

All ruins yield stone implements, some apparently having been brought a long distance. Needles and awls were made from the bones of small animals or birds. Pottery is found everywhere and the conventional shapes and decorations have much to say to the initiated. Mesa Verde mugs are flat-bottomed. Zuñi meal-bowls are terraced. Hopi seed-jars are flat-topped, etc. Puyé boasts a true glaze (improperly called 'Spanish glaze'), Tusayan, the characteristic bird symbol of the Hopi and Kachina figures.

Spindles show the only instance of the early use of the principle of the wheel. It is remarkable that if we except this rather far-fetched example of the application of the principle of the wheel, no use of this simple device has been found among the prehistoric Indians of the Southwest. The spindles were used to spin cotton into thread for weaving and well-woven cotton cloth was in use. Rabbit fur and bird feathers, especially turkey feathers, were also woven into blankets. Belts and headbands were made, and cords for carrying-baskets were twisted of yucca fiber. A well-preserved mummy found in Cañon del Muerto by Earl Morris, and now in the Museum of Natural History in New York, was wrapped first in a fine cotton blanket, then a feather blanket, and over all, a yucca mat. Around the body were wound many hanks of cotton spun and ready for weaving, showing that the man was a weaver, for his stock of yarn would not be used by another and so went with him to his grave.

Leggings, moccasins, and sandals are frequent finds, arrow-heads, of course, and turquoise, shell and stone pendants, abalone-shell disks appearing not infrequently.

Cradles, carefully woven and decorated, sometimes accompany infant burials and sometimes are found, much worn, abandoned in the refuse heaps of the villages. What a mine for the excavator these refuse heaps are! Burials were made in them, not because of disrespect for the dead, but because often the refuse heaps offered the only diggable ground at hand. With the dead pottery is found and in the heap itself the bones of food animals, broken utensils, and cast-off articles that still have a message for us.

When the bones of sheep or any metal articles are found, it is a sure indication that the refuse heap was in use after the arrival of the Spaniard, for sheep were introduced by him, and the pueblo had no knowledge of metal, except perhaps some copper bells brought up from Mexico, until the Spaniard came.

The villages were built room against room as today. The rooms, whether in cave or pueblo, were small, often with a fireplace in one corner. The baking was done in outside ovens, but a fireplace was needed for warmth and for some forms of cookery. The rooms were plastered and the floors beaten hard and sometimes pounded down with a mixture of blood as is still done in Santo Domingo, giving a smooth surface. Inner rooms were probably merely storage spaces. We find some room burials, but not many, although infants were sometimes buried beneath the floors.

Should a pueblo be deserted today and revisited after a lapse of years, the artifacts found, with the exception of white-man made goods, would be just such as are found in the prehistoric ruins — metates, manos, pottery, ladles, jars and bowls, baskets, turquoise and shell ornaments, stone fetiches, loom posts, carrying nets, blankets, sashes and dresses, ceremonial objects of shell and stone and bone and feathers.

When were these ruins living villages? For a long time the dating of them offered unsurmountable obstacles to the archeologists. Little by little evidences as to the different ages of different sites were discovered and classified, but it was only comparatively recently that three methods of investigation gave promise of ultimately reaching with some degree of accuracy the date of building, occupation, and abandonment of the ruins from the smallest pit house down to historic times.

These three methods are stratigraphic excavation, comparison of pottery sherds, and study of the tree rings of roof-beams.

The stratigraphic method consists in digging trenches in the refuse heaps. A characteristic of prehistoric ruins was the refuse heap or kitchen midden. These are truly treasure-chambers for the archeologist, for they hold the precious fragments of pottery, often in such stratified layers as to aid in dating the pueblo and determining its length of life. Sheep and metal came in with the Spaniard, and when sheep bones or metal articles are found in the middens, it is conclusive proof that the village was occupied in historic times. Then, too, burials were in these heaps, the latest in date nearest the top. This trenching was the method adopted by Kidder in excavating the Pecos ruin.

The study of pottery sherds has been carried on by Harold Gladwin, and his comparisons of carefully mapped areas have led to scientific deductions, not only as to age, but as to migration trends.

Dr. A. E. Douglass, of the University of Arizona, discovered and is developing the method of dating buildings by the number and character of the rings in sections of logs taken from roof-beams. Dr. Douglass came upon his discovery through his study of sun-spots and their relation to periods of drouth. Trees are Nature's rain-gauges and old logs showed plainly, by the differences in their ring development, periods of retarded growth and periods when life had been easy for them. In checking the sun-spot dates, Dr. Douglass hit upon the clue which has made it possible for him to reach very definite conclusions as to when roof-beams were cut. Sometimes he found it impossible to saw off a length of a desired beam, and now he takes a bore or core from a log, thus not injuring the roof it upholds. To satisfy the Indians, turquoise beads are placed in the bore to placate the spirit of decay. Now he is extending his researches with most gratifying results, even finding the data he wants in badly charred fragments of beams.

The comparison and checking of the findings of these three methods in any given area are bringing most satisfactory conclusions.

CHACO CAÑON — PUEBLO BONITO

'One hundred miles from anywhere' is the way Neil Judd described Pueblo Bonito when he began work on it in 1922. One hundred miles north to Mesa Verde, one hundred miles south to Zuñi, one hundred miles west to Hopi, and one hundred and six miles to Gallup, the nearest base of supplies. In the first years of excavation, the supply truck could make the trip in fair weather one way in seven hours, but the crew always carried bed-rolls and a week's supply of food. Now the trip to Chaco Cañon from Gallup and back, including a visit to Pueblo Bonito and a glimpse of Chetro Ketl and Pueblo del Arroyo, is made in one day. So has the automobile rendered this region accessible.

Chaco Cañon is now a bleak and wind-swept valley, hot in summer, cold in winter, with sharp cliffs rising on the northern side and ruins extending for many miles. Why pueblo culture should have reached its highest development here is a mystery, unless the soil and climate have undergone changes of which we can find no record. Bonito was the first Chaco ruin to be carefully excavated and now Chetro Ketl is the field of operations of Dr. Hewett's summer school of archeology.

The earliest description of Bonito is that of Lieutenant Simpson who passed it in 1849 when with Colonel Washington on his expedition against the Navajos. It is the largest pueblo ruin known and in the newest part its masonry is of the finest type. It is D-shaped, the front line closed by a single row of rooms and the central court divided by another single row, while the back towers high for four or possibly five stories. The outer wall was devoid of openings save for an occasional peephole. On the inside the rooms terraced down to the ground level. This construction left many dark rooms in the center of the pile and these were used for storage, as they are in Taos today. Twenty or more kivas have been located, some in the courts and some in the house cluster, where surrounding rooms have been sacrificed in their construction. Bonito has been built and rebuilt. Windows and doors have been blocked up and new ones opened. Curious corner openings command extensive views. New rooms were added and old ones abandoned, as occurs today in every pueblo. Three periods of building are plainly traceable by the differences in the masonry. In its prime from fifteen hundred to two thousand people may have lived there.

Four burial rooms were found, but no cemetery large enough to account for the numbers who must have died while the town was occupied. The question of how the Bonitoans disposed of their dead remains to be solved. Another question is raised by the apparent lack of water supply. Some rainwater may have been collected on the mesa top and there is a small spring at the foot of the cliff, but nothing adequate for the numbers living in the pueblo. And where did the great roof-beams come from? The nearest forest which could give beams as large as those used in Bonito is many miles away and these people had no beasts of burden to aid in transporting them.

Chaco pottery has a very fine white slip and is decorated with fine lines, the edge of the vessel often painted black. The corrugated specimens are well and carefully made. Here in Chaco pueblo pottery reached its highest point.

The most valuable find at Bonito was a cache of turquoise and a glorious necklace with four turquoise pendants. As we stand before the case that now holds them in the Museum of Natural History in New York, we are held spellbound by the beauty of color and the superb workmanship. The necklace has twenty-five hundred beads and each has been individually worked and pierced by some primitive tool. They are graded in size and form, four perfect strands. The accompanying pendants are carefully finished. Bonito also practiced the art of inlaying.

Trouble came upon Bonito. Outer openings were blocked up. Finally one gateway alone was left and large parts of the village were deserted. At last sand and silence reigned in the valley. Today Bonito has been tidied up, its walls protected by cement caps, a forest ranger placed in charge to explain and guard, and visitors are invited and made welcome.

PUYÉ

The Pajaritan Plateau is the name chosen by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett for the tableland on the eastern side of the Jemez Mountains. The entire extent of this area offers a rich hunting ground for the archeologist for ruins, petroglyphs, ancient instruments, pottery sherds, and other evidences of a former population abound.

The best-known ruins of Pajaritan culture are Tyuonyi in the Frijoles Cañon, and Puyé. Puyé means the assembly-place of the cotton-tail rabbit.

Thirty miles from Santa Fé and ten from Espinola a finger-like mesa reaches out into a wooded valley. The rains of centuries have washed detritus down from the sides of the cliff until a talus slope extends for miles along its foot, and where this slope meets the escarpment prehistoric people dug cavate rooms out of the soft rock. A second row of caves opens on a ledge farther up the side of the cliff and steep trails lead to the top of the mesa, where are ruins of an extensive community building. In all probability cliff-dwellings and pueblo were occupied at the same time and by the same people. This is Puyé as we see it today.

Santa Clara claims Puyé as its ancestral home as Cochiti points to Tyuonyi. Such traditions, while not trustworthy enough to lean upon without corroborating evidence, are guideposts not to be neglected. Santa Clara did occupy the Puyé caves temporarily after the pueblo outbreak, but a connection with the original builders of the caves or the pueblo on the mesa has yet to be proved.

The caves were excavated in the tufa, sometimes merely by enlarging an existing hollow in the rock, sometimes by digging out an entire apartment. Often rooms were built against the cliff in front of the caves and the holes for the roof-beams of these rooms are clearly visible. The caves yielded the usual finds: metates, pottery fragments and household utensils, niches in the wall for storing small articles. Soot from ancient fires blacken the walls. The floors are of pounded earth mixed with blood as in Santo Domingo. Kivas are sunk in the talus. There is every evidence of permanent habitation.

The large ruin above was a terraced building built of tufa blocks around a court. Its kivas were excavated out of the rock and it must have required much labor to preserve the requisite subterranean tradition under such difficulties. Two low mounds held the burials.

Puyé is a center of Pajaritan culture and the pottery sherds are distinctive. Here is found the glaze which early students called 'Spanish glaze' and thought indicative of Spanish influence, but this Pajaritan glaze was entirely pre-Spanish and, indeed, the ruins of pueblo or cliff-dwellings have never yielded anything showing Spanish influence. The decorative symbol prevailing on the pottery is that of the 'awanyu,' or plumed serpent. Notched logs served as ladders to climb from one tier of caves to another or to the top of the cliff.

The view from the top of the cliff is rewarding. The Sangre de Cristo range, the Glorietas, the Jemez Mountains, the Black Mesa, all are seen swimming in the ever-changing colors of the New Mexican air.

TYUONYI

The Rito de los Frijoles (stream of the beans) is a little mountain torrent which rises in the Pajaritan Plateau and runs gaily down to the Rio Grande through a cañon where prehistoric men built cliff-dwellings and communal houses and raised crops in the tiny fertile valley formed by the tumbling little stream. The water in this brook is never-failing. Wood, water, and seclusion all were here to render it a most attractive site for aboriginal man.

This region is now a national monument and is named most appropriately for Adolf F. Bandolier, that great enthusiast who was deterred by no hardship as he explored on foot much of the Southwest, and who has immortalized this special little gem of a valley in his 'prehistorical' novel, 'The Delight-Makers.' Bandolier and Lummis discovered the Rito and Dr. Hewett excavated it and prepared it for visitors.

The Rito is forty-five miles from Santa Fé and one thousand feet above the Rio Grande. Cochiti claims it as the home of their ancestors. Like Puyé, the cliff-dwellings are of the type sometimes called 'cavate.' There are no large caverns to hold whole house clusters, although the ceremonial cave suggests in a small way the larger caves of Mesa Verde and Cañon de Chelly, and once sheltered a few houses. The caves in the cliff-side are merely rooms excavated by hand or enlarged from holes eroded by

Nature. Some had their main openings closed by masonry, some had porches, and some had entire rooms and groups of rooms built on in front. They were often well plastered and had tiny smoke-holes. Metates are there and niches to hold small domestic articles, and the kivas have sipapu openings, fire pits and ventilators, and also holes for anchoring the loom posts — all as we should expect to find it. One of the caves in a house group was a kiva belonging to the Snake Clan and on the wall is the picture of the plumed serpent, the device which figures so largely on Puyé pots, and which reminds us that Tyuonyi too belonged to the Pajaritan culture.

Driving from Santa Fé we leave the motors at the cañon edge and descend on foot by a hairpin trail. As we round a turn at the top we come upon a view of the tiny valley, nowhere more than an eighth of a mile across, and of the circular ruin of the communal dwelling on its floor, distinct in outline as we look down upon it. It was built of tufa blocks and the masonry is inferior to that of Puyé. There were three kivas in the court and a very large one outside of the building.

Climbing down the steep path to the bottom and then turning to look back at the cliff down which we have come, the cave openings are plainly to be seen stretching all the way along the talus edge. There are no caves in the south wall, but they extend for more than a mile in the north escarpment. Communal dwellings were built against the cliff and in many places the caves were merely the back rooms of the outer dwellings, storerooms, perhaps, like the inner rooms of the terraced houses. Excavations in the talus which has accumulated since the cañon was abandoned show the foundations of these houses. Dr. Hewett calls them 'talus pueblos,' and says, 'Of the eleven talus pueblos in the Rito de los Frijoles, some contained fifty to seventy-five rooms. The largest was a continuous house from one to four stories high and extending along the cliff for a distance of seven hundred feet.' Here again the floors were of beaten earth washed with blood to give them a finish.

Walking up the cañon by the side of the dancing stream we come upon ladders which Mr. Nusbaum has caused to be placed in order to allow approach to a large cave far up in the cliff which has come to be known as the 'Ceremonial Cave.' The original approach must have been difficult enough, but when Charles Lummis first attempted it it was indeed hazardous. This cave is large enough to shelter several houses and the holes are there which held the roof-beams of these houses. Toward the front of the cave a kiva had been dug out. This kiva has been cleared of accumulated débris and rebuilt. It was large enough for eighteen Indian workmen to sleep in at night during the work of restoration.

Sheltered and peaceful is this delightful spot, but Bandolier has depicted in vivid terms the ancient struggles which led finally to its abandonment. Imaginary struggles, of course, but so based on observation and study that they may well be true after all. True or not, after reading 'The Delight-Makers,' Tyuonyi will live again for you.

MESA VERDE

Just over the border of New Mexico in southwestern Colorado, in a setting sharply contrasted to the sand-swept expanses of Chaco Cañon, is a large plateau. It is well named Mesa Verde, for it rises refreshingly green before us covered with cedar, piñon, spruce, and yellow pine. It looks level and unimpressive at a distance, but when we start to climb, our motor must be equal to a real task. Steep roads, widened to safety by Mr. Jesse Nusbaum, wind upward with unsurpassed views now on this side and now on that, and when we reach the top we find it cut by many gorges and cañons. On the top and in these cañons are the many ruins of the Mesa Verde culture. Trees abound, springs are not rare, and the entire district offers a perfect situation for aboriginal people. Under the wise direction of Mr. Nusbaum many of the abounding ruins have been hunted out and made available for visitors, for active visitors at least, who are not daunted by ladders which seem to hang out over the infinite spaces of the world.

Large caves in the sandstone sheltered whole villages. The plan of the house group depended on the shape of the caves and rooms were piled on one another to the very top.

Mesa Verde caves are deep in contrast to the narrower ones found at the Navajo Monument and a space was left between the rear wall of the house cluster and the back of the cave. Here refuse was thrown and apparently here the turkeys were kept. This must have been hard on the turkeys unless they

CLIFF RUIN, BETATAKIN

MESA VERDE

were only herded in at night or for protection, for the space is close and perfectly dark.

Mesa Verde kivas have a bench and six pilasters supporting the roof-beams, and, of course, each was provided with the hatchway, the small flue or ventilator, the deflector, the fire pit, and the sipapu. Perhaps because of restricted space the roofs of these kivas were sometimes flat and served as part of the dance floor in the tiny dance plazas. The kiva reached its highest development here.

The ruins abound in the curious T-shaped doors which have awakened so much comment, one explanation for them being that this shape allowed a person carrying on his head a burden to enter more easily, as he need not set it down or readjust it, and could place his hands on the two ledges as he passed through. The doorsills were not level with the floors.

Towers appear in these villages and a problem arises not yet satisfactorily settled: Were they watch-towers or ceremonial rooms?

In all excavated sites the question of burials is important, modes of burial throwing much light on the adjoining pueblo. In Mesa Verde as at Chaco, no adequate burial-place has been found. There are some burials in the refuse heaps, some under floors, and some in sealed rooms, and there is evidence of cremation in one room of Cliff Palace and on the mesa-top.

Cliff Palace was discovered by Richard and Alfred Wetherill in 1888 while searching for some lost cattle. Dumfounded, they stood on the opposite side of the cañon almost expecting people to appear — the ruin looked so exactly like an inhabited pueblo. Even these experienced Wetherills must have been deeply moved at coming upon such a wonderful sight unexpectedly. Fewkes says of it that its walls 'present the finest masonry of any cliff-dwelling.' The houses were plastered within and without and the floors also received a coat. Notched logs served as ladders and projecting stones were left here and there where they could be used as well. It had ninety-five ground-floor rooms and twenty-five kivas. It has suffered much from vandalism. The beams have been used for firewood and everything that could be found on the surface was taken away and sold. Spruce Tree House had one hundred and fourteen rooms and eight kivas.

Throughout Mesa Verde ruins the rooms had no chimneys and no fire hoods over the fire pits. Soot still clings to the walls of rooms and to the cave top. This is interesting when we come to consider the ruin at Aztec and the rooms there which were occupied by Mesa Verde people after the original builders had gone. Here smoke-holes were stopped up and walls discolored by soot.

Here and there are the remains of balconies running along upper tiers of rooms.

Mesa Verde pottery is very distinct. The decoration is geometric in design and it has a white slip. The mugs are flat-bottomed and the ladles sometimes have hollow handles with pebbles inside which rattle when the ladle is used. Kiva jars are found only here. The kiva jar is so called because the type was always found in kivas. It is spherical and the size varies, but it always has a fitted lid.

Some Mesa Verde pottery fragments were found at Bonito. Mesa Verde pottery does not have the broken 'life line.'

TUSAYAN RUINS — SIKYATKI AND AWATOBI

The region around the Hopi mesas and reaching far out in all directions is covered with the former dwellings of the Hopitu people. Clan by clan they converged on their present situation, stopping along the way for longer or shorter periods, but concentrating at last at their mesa-tops in Arizona.

Two of these ruins are of interest because one, Sikyatki, the name of the 'fire people,' is entirely prehistoric, yielding no hint of European influence, and the other, Awatobi, was destroyed in 1700. The comparison of these is interesting to the excavator, but there is little to attract the notice of the passing visitor.

Neither of these villages was destroyed by marauding Apache, Ute, or Navajo, or by avenging Spaniards, but both met their end at the hands of the Hopi themselves. Of the end of Sikyatki, Victor Mindeleff gives the following dramatic account in the Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology:

> A party of the Sikyatki went prowling through Walpi one day while the men were afield, and among other outrages one of them shot an arrow through a window and killed a chief's daughter while she was grinding corn. The chief's son resolved to avenge the death of his sister, and some time after this went to Sikyatki, professedly to take part in a religious dance, in which he

joined until just before the close of the ceremony. Having previously observed where the handsomest girl was seated among the spectators on the house terraces, he ran up the ladder as if to offer her a prayer emblem, but instead he drew out a sharp flint knife from his girdle and cut her throat. He threw the body down where all could see it and ran along the adjoining terraces till he cleared the village. A little way up the mesa was a flat rock, upon which he sprang and took off his dancer's mask so that all might recognize him, then turning again to the mesa he sped swiftly up the trail and escaped.

And so foray and slaughter continued to alternate between them until the planting season of some indefinite year came around. All the Sikyatki men were to begin the season by planting the fields of their chief on a certain day, which was announced from the housetop by the Second Chief as he made his customary evening proclamations, and the Walpi, becoming aware of this, planned a fatal onslaught. Every man and woman able to draw a bow or wield a weapon were got in readiness and at night they crossed the mesa and concealed themselves along its edge overlooking the doomed village. When the day came, they waited until the men had gone to the field and then rushed down upon the houses. The Chief, who was too old to go afield, was the first one killed, and then followed the indiscriminate slaughter of women and children, and the destruction of the houses. The wild tumult in the village alarmed the Sikyatki and they came rushing back, but too late to defend their homes. Their struggles were hopeless, for they had only their planting sticks to use as weapons which availed but little against the Walpi with their bows and arrows, spears, slings, and war-clubs. Nearly all of the Sikyatki men were killed, but some of them escaped to Oraibi and some to Awatobi. A number of the girls and younger women were spared and distributed among the different villages where they became wives of their despoilers.

Awatobi, on the trail between Zuñi and Tusayan, was visited by Coronado's men in 1540, by Espejo in 1583, and by Oñate in 1598. After the pueblo uprising and the expulsion of the priests, the Hopi were determined that the Spaniard should obtain a foothold in their country nevermore and when Awatobi showed an inclination to be friendly with a visiting priest, who baptized some seventy of their people, Walpi decided to take drastic steps against it. Awatobi was too strong for the Walpi to attack it unaided, but they sent for their allies and a carefully worked-out plan was agreed upon. They waited until the time for a ceremony which required the presence of the men in the kivas and then, at night, rushed upon the village, pulled up the kiva ladders and threw burning brands down upon the defenseless Awatobians. The Indians say that they also pulled the drying peppers off the walls and added them to the conflagration to inflict extra torture upon the trapped men. Every male perished, but the women and children were spared and divided, as usual, among the victors.

The priests from Mishongnovi still deposit prayer plumes at a shrine at Awatobi.

When the ruins were excavated, two carved human figurines were found, and Mr. Keam, of Keam's Cañon, carried them home with him. Later some men from Mishongnovi came to him and told him how much they meant to one of the Mishongnovi clans and Mr. Keam at once gave them up. This incident is characteristic of the man and explains the friendship held for him by the Hopis. The strange representation of a squash blossom, made by weaving yarn about radiating sticks, was found in the ruins of Awatobi and I saw this same symbol on the heads of dancers of the Squash Clan in Cochiti in 1932.

CAÑON DE CHELLY

Twenty-five miles across the border of New Mexico in Arizona and one hundred miles northwest of Gallup, sixty miles east of Hopi and eighty-five miles from Zuñi, Cañon de Chelly opens into the Chin Lee Valley. It is a stupendous gorge twenty miles in length with a tributary cañon, Del Muerto, ten miles long, and another smaller one called Monument Cañon.

The first account we have of the cañon and its ruins is that of Lieutenant Simpson in 1848, when Colonel Washington camped in the Chin Lee Valley and Lieutenant Simpson, attached to his command, examined and described the ruins.

Today the first view the traveler gets of the cañon and its most noted ruin, the 'White House,' is from the rim. The ride from Gallup is long and tedious. Much of it, if one comes over the mountain — the shortest way and the surest in bad weather — is along a road which dodges through a forest of juniper, cedar, yellow pine, and scrub oak. Over stones and in and out of potholes it goes until every bone aches.

But at last, if you can find just the right spot, leave your car and walk a few steps to the rim. So near is it in fact that in 1930 a truck missed the way and, going over the edge, was dashed to fragments far below, the driver miraculously jumping to safety just as the machine toppled over. But even approaching the rim with open eyes and in daylight, one comes upon the cañon view unexpectedly and the effect is awe-inspiring. A bright red sandstone gorge is cut in the earth, its sides sheer and scraped smooth by wind and sand storms. The gorge is very irregular and side coves and branch cañons cut into it at all angles. Huge tongues of rock jut across it and nowhere does it stretch away straight before your eyes. Far, far below a tiny stream meanders along the bottom, and here and there patches of green show where the moisture makes crops and fodder possible, and where cottonwoods and willows find occasional foothold, the green contrasting gloriously with the white sand floor and the red walls. And up in the cliff is the ruin we have come to see. It is only one of many. Ruins appear in profusion in these three cañons. The White House is perched in a large cave high in the rock wall. At the foot of the cliff is another ruin. When the ancient inhabitants were here, it is probable that the lower terraced up to the cliff floor and afforded a method of reaching the upper rooms, but now the upper stories are gone and the White House itself can be entered only by a rope thrown over one of its beams to make possible the sharp climb.

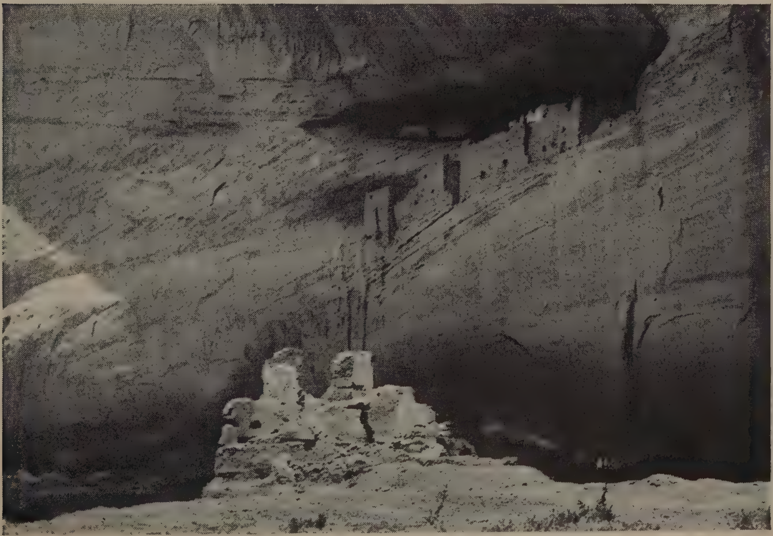
We go on to the trading-post at Chin Lee, where a warm welcome and comfortable beds erase the memory of the hard drive and make us eager for an excursion up the cañon on the morrow.

The best way to go is on horseback, although motors can make good progress when conditions are right. The most satisfactory is to take a camp equipment and stay one day at least among the mysterious ruins. A more beautiful and impressive camping place is not to be found. Progress in the cañon is slow. Sometimes the water is running gaily down the bottom and the shifting sands offer precarious foothold. Sometimes quicksands frighten your horse and yourself, and if you risk your car you *may* sink to your hubs. But try it some day and be repaid by the result, whatever happens.

The ruins in Cañon de Chelly and its branch cañon, Del Muerto, are tucked into crevasses in the towering walls. There were ruins on the cañon floor and on the low benches that border the stream, but the shifting of the river-bed — its rise and fall of several feet — and the action of the quicksands have destroyed and almost obliterated them. Even the approaches to the niches and ledges where the cliff-houses remain have in many cases been washed away. But the houses, built of well-matched masonry and protected by the overhanging roofs of the caves, stand in amazingly good condition to stimulate our imagination and to add valuable data to the accumulating knowledge of the archeologist.

The houses show different periods of occupancy and some are of Hopi origin. After the original people had left, much later, the cañon became a

CAÑON DE CHELLY



CLIFF RUIN IN CAÑON DE CHELLY

Navajo stronghold, and Navajo burials are frequent, some very ancient, some of recent date. Some of the very small houses tucked into the ledges were merely storage places, and there are cists not unlike Navajo burial cists which were pueblo storage bins.

At one time a Hopi clan, the Asa people, came to the cañon and, mingling with the Navajo, intermarried and formed a clan known today among the Navajo as the 'High House People.' These Asa people brought peaches with them. Later they returned to Hopi to find their old homes had been allotted to the Tewa people at Hano and they were quartered at Walpi.

The Navajos look upon Cañon de Chelly with peculiar veneration and this acquits them of vandalism. Such as has been perpetrated is due to Mexicans and others, but not to Indians. One of the Navajo myths places the home of their gods in Cañon de Chelly and they shrink from entering the ruins. A Navajo sand painting has a symbolic representation of the White House and cliff-dwellings. Kit Carson drove the Navajos from the cañon and destroyed their crops when they were banished to the Bosque Redondo, but they have returned, and Navajo hogans and Navajo peach orchards and Navajo flocks are now safely tucked away in the sheltered corners of the gorges. Most of the Indians move out in the cold of winter to return when peach trees are in fruit and when there is enough grass for their sheep and goats.

The color effects here are overwhelming. The red walls tower up for hundreds of feet and against the dense blue of the sky an occasional white cloud may float, reflected in the stream where it broadens out over the sands. Moonlight and starlight seem intensified in the cañon depths, and even thunderstorms gain in magnitude as the echoes reverberate against the cliff sides.

KAYENTA — KIETSIEL AND BETATAKIN

The ride across the desert from Chin Lee to Kayenta as we took it one day in the autumn of 1931 was so beautiful that it seemed as though any promised glory ahead must be an anti-climax. There were no difficulties for our motor to overcome with the single exception of one bad wash and the road was mostly as flat as the desert floor could make it. I thought that I knew every phase and every beauty the country had to offer, but here desert coloring was raised to the *n*th degree.

We were going to Kayenta where the Wetherills' trading-post is located. There is a Government Indian school near-by and a post-office, the post-office farthest from the railroad of any in the United States. Kayenta is west of Chin Lee, and west of Kayenta are the mesas that rise one above another until they reach Navajo Mountain. This area is now the Navajo National Monument, and the culmination of 'Kayenta culture' was reached in the ruins twenty miles beyond the trading-post.

As elsewhere, there are scattered ruins all about of pueblos and cliff-houses, but the largest of the latter, Kietsiel and Betatakin, are the most sensational and the best-known of them all.

Our authorities for this region are Cummings and Kidder and Guernsey and Fewkes. Fewkes considers these ruins the prehistoric home of the Snake, Horn, and Flute clans of Tusayan.

The masonry is inferior to that of Mesa Verde and Chaco and is more like that of the Hopi towns. Wattled walls are common and much adobe is used. But though they were not fine masons, the intrepidity of these builders was amazing, for they constructed whole villages in these caves; and the houses, some perched on boulders broken off in some ancient day and others on dizzying edges, speak for steady nerves untroubled by heights. The buildings go right back to the cave walls without the space for refuse and turkeys found in Mesa Verde. The turkeys here were used for food as well as for furnishing the material for feather blankets. There are no towers here.

Kietsiel has two kinds of ceremonial chambers, the rectangular room in the house cluster and the round kiva. The kivas have no pilasters, but they do have the encircling bench. Betatakin has no round kivas and the rectangular rooms have all the ceremonial earmarks of the Flute room at Walpi. It is on the evidence of these rooms that Fewkes bases his conclusion that certain Tusayan clans came from this region. Kietsiel has one hundred and fifty ground-floor rooms and Betatakin one hundred. There are no T-shaped doors here.

The dress of the Kayenta people included feather and fur blankets, cotton cloth and deerskins, and they wore leggings, moccasins, and sandals that are not unlike those found elsewhere. Burials were almost always in fur blankets. These were made by twisting short bits of rabbit-skin into a cotton warp, and such are still to be found in living pueblos. Corn was the staple food, and husks, cornstalks, and braided strands are plentiful. Their menu also contained beans, squash, and small mammals as well as the turkeys.

The pottery is abundant and has beautiful and intricate designs. Corrugated, polychrome, and black and white are all here, and the black on white is of a fine paste and has a white slip. All the customary forms are found, but the kiva jar of Mesa Verde does not appear. As the kiva jar is found only in Mesa Verde, so the colander is confined to Kayenta. It is a small jar with a number of holes in the bottom and sometimes with handles by which it can be suspended.

Kayenta ware has been found in Cañon de Chelly and Tusayan ruins and probably bespeaks some trade between the areas.

There is of necessity a sameness in the description of the ruins of New Mexico and Arizona, however different the impressions a visitor to them may receive, and I will make a brief mention of only two more.

AZTEC

The Aztec ruin lies between Mesa Verde and Chaco Cañon and shows, side by side, the evidences of both cultures. It was built by Chaco people and reinhabited by people from Mesa Verde. Those who were fortunate enough to visit it while

Mr. Boundry was the custodian were given a patient and a careful explanation as he piloted them about. The large kiva in the court has been restored, and one can sit on the banquette and study the method of roofing, speculate on the two 'altars', and recognize the other characteristics of a large kiva. The work in the building itself has been well done, and as we climb from room to room it is not hard to reconstruct in imagination the pueblo as it was when the Mesa Verde people came in and rearranged it according to their own requirements.

PECOS

Pecos, on the Rio Grande, has an interesting history which reaches down to 1838, when the few remaining inhabitants moved to Jemez and joined their relatives there, where their descendants are now to be found.

Pecos had a longer period of recorded occupancy than any other known pueblo and the archaic pottery found in its refuse heaps indicates that it was inhabited long prior to any recorded happenings. It was on the edge of the buffalo plains, and the dress of its people was skins fringed like that of the Taos folk. Coronado's people knew it, and it was from Pecos that Bigotes (Whiskers) came to Tiguex to offer the submission of his people to Coronado. The Turk, a Pawnee who was held a prisoner at Pecos, was the Indian who led Coronado's men astray on the plains. Its Mission was already built when the Pilgrims landed in 1620. Many vicissitudes led to its final abandonment in 1838.

For many years thereafter priests came back from Jemez to deposit prayer plumes at its shrines, and rumor has it that a sacred cave is not far away where these priests still come to worship.

And so, everywhere throughout this enchanted land ruins hold their traditions and their memories. There are pit houses; very primitive houses; there are scattered small house ruins; there are tiny rooms hollowed out of soft rocks; there are houses built in caves; there are large house clusters, whole villages built in large caverns; there are large round pueblos such as Aztec and Bonito, and all these shade imperceptibly into one another.

All this is stimulating to the imagination as we seek to visualize the life here as the former dwellers came and went about daily tasks or recurrent ceremonies.

CHAPTER VI

THE KIVA

In all pueblos, ancient and modern, there are ceremonial rooms which, because of their sacred character, have preserved their characteristics throughout the centuries. These, when first seen by the Spaniards were called 'estufas,' meaning stoves, and may have been mistaken for sweat-baths. The earliest archeological reports retain this name, but now archeologists have pretty generally adopted the term 'kiva,' a Tusayan word more appropriate than the Spanish.

These rooms differ in construction and detail in different parts of the area, but they are always ceremonial rooms and preserve certain fundamental characteristics.

The kiva is such an integral part of a pueblo, so definitely the heart of the village, that when a ruined site is without one it is classed as a temporary farming outpost and not as a permanent village.

When the fields are too far from the parent village to permit the workers to go and come easily, a small group of houses springs up near the farmlands, occupied only when it is necessary to till the fields or to watch the crops. As the farmer finds it convenient to spend more and more time at his work, the farmhouses multiply until they constitute a village themselves, the people going back to the main pueblo for ritual celebrations. But as more and more people move to the new site and frequent return to the home village becomes inconvenient, a kiva may be built at the new center, the necessary ceremonial paraphernalia brought to it, and a new pueblo is formed.

Always with the kiva as the germ, the process was sometimes reversed. It might be that the caciques, for one reason or another, decided to move the village and a new site was determined upon, a kiva built first and temporary shelters clustered about it until the dwelling-houses could be constructed, and the new home become a real pueblo.

Towns were abandoned for different reasons. Perhaps a devastating epidemic indicated displeasure of the gods, perhaps the springs failed, perhaps enemies became too troublesome, but it is certain that in addition to the slow drift of the population sometimes an entire village moved away to a new site and the old one was abandoned. Whether the new town was the result of a conscious shift or a slower drift, the kiva was always the necessary focus of the life of the people. Originally it was more than the ceremonial center. Family life had not developed and the men slept in the kiva, only the women and the children living in the tiny cubicle rooms of the pueblo. The house is still the property of the woman, though now shared with her husband, and the men still gather in the kiva for council and ritual.

As clans coalesced in the village, each built its own kiva, but a larger one, a tribal kiva, served the community as a whole. Keresan villages have a dual organization and so have two kivas, one for the summer people and one for the winter people.

The Indians believe that in ages past their home was in a dim underground world, where they had not yet become fully human and from which they emerged at some sacred spot located differently by different tribes. A typical kiva is always at least partly underground, reminiscent of this tradition and probably reminiscent, too, of the very ancient pit house — earliest known dwelling of the Southwest; although the question rises, if this is so, why the exclusion of the women?

Present excavations are throwing much light on the early habitations and before long the data found by Frank Roberts may link up unmistakably with the complex pueblos of later development and many questions now unsolved be answered, but already the kiva is the striking unit of interest which we can trace from the earliest ruin to the latest Rio Grande village.

We can seldom enter those in use today, but we may go into the ancient kivas of the cliff-houses and the ruined cities and learn from them about the prehistoric kiva and its present-day descendant.

A typical kiva has a bench running round the wall. At one point this bench is broken by a niche-like alcove known as the 'katcina house.' Above the bench are niches used for the safe keeping of religious paraphernalia. Directly under the hatchway is the fire pit. The hatchway served both as an outlet for the smoke and an entranceway, for the kiva must always be entered from the roof to retain the subterranean tradition, and in coming down the ladder the Indian passed through the purifying smoke of the kiva fire. This ladder, always of pine with tall projecting ends, symbolizes the tree up which developing man climbed to the present world, and is the visible sign of ceremonial rooms, whether detached kivas or chambers hidden in the house cluster.

In front of the fire pit a shallow hole, covered by a plank or stone, represents the sipapu or entrance to the underworld or place of beginning, where man first came into self-conscious existence. The Indians believe that when they climbed out of this dark and dreary world the entrance never wholly closed, and so the slab covering the symbolic sipapu has a round hole in it. This hole is fitted with a plug which can be easily removed and it is removed when certain ceremonies are in progress. The unclosed hole into sipapu is also symbolized by the unclosed band so frequently found on pueblo pottery and the plugged hole in the center of ceremonial baskets.

Back of the fire pit a deflector served to protect the flame and was needed because a shaft ran from the floor to a sort of chimney or flue leading to the surface of the ground. This detail of kiva construction, long thought to be a ventilating device, is now awakening discussion. There is a theory coming to be seriously considered that this shaft is the vestige of an ancient ceremonial entrance. Most of the shafts in the ruined kivas are too small to be considered entrances and their possible use as such would go back into the dimmest of the dim past, but steps have been found in some of them and crossed sticks to prevent evil spirits from gaining access to the sacred room. So far as I know, this feature is not present in the modern kivas.

The kivas in the Aztec ruin offer excellent opportunities of observing varying features of construction. Aztec has kivas both above and below the ground level. The typical subterranean feature is found in those in the court, but there are others in the house cluster itself which have the same structural details — banquettes, pilasters, ventilators, etc. — and yet are above ground.

The great kiva in the court of the Aztec ruin is one of the most remarkable ever discovered, although the Chaco ruins are revealing some yet larger. Its diameter on the floor is forty feet, three and a half inches. It has two benches, one above the other, and above them the diameter from wall to wall is forty-eight feet. It is surrounded except on the north by an outer ring of rooms with higher floor levels and on the north is an alcove which Earl Morris, who excavated it, calls a shrine room. In the north and south walls there are remains of stairways, but these were blocked up while the kiva was in use. On each side of the fire pit, which, by the way, is not a pit here, but a square raised masonry box, are two oblong structures resembling the altars found in Maya ruins, one on each side of the center of the room.

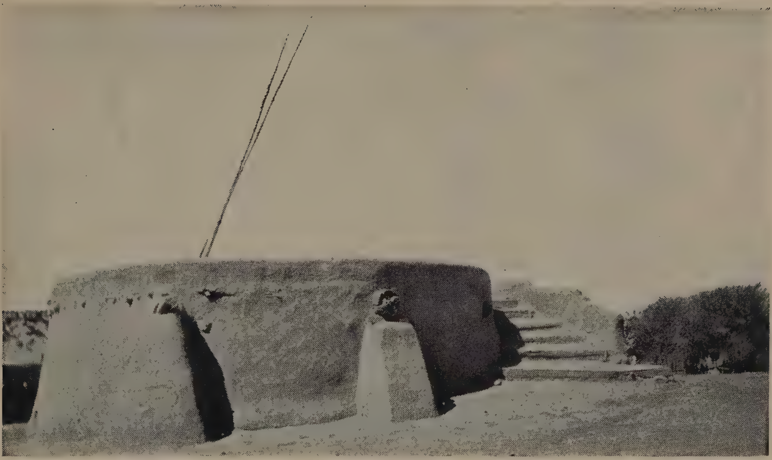
We do not know of blood sacrifices ever having been made by these Indians, but a chemical analysis is to be made of the dust in these structures to try to determine if they were sacrificial altars. These and the raised fire box are distinct departures from usual kiva construction.

Hewett, in Bulletin 32 of the Bureau of American Archeology, describes briefly fifty ruined villages of the Jemez Plateau, and in all of these are kivas, sometimes many in one village, and all are round and semi-subterranean. The cliff-villages of Mesa Verde show many others fitted closely into the crowded mass of houses, but all round and retaining in some way the semi-subterranean feature.

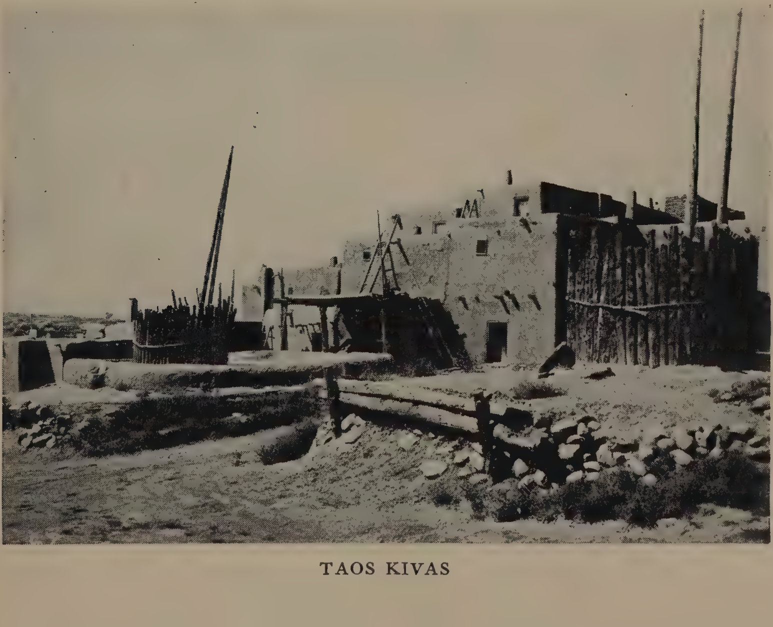
As the men were the weavers it is not surprising to find post holes in the kivas for the looms, some still retaining the transverse stick and vestiges of the loops that served to hold the cross-pole fast.

The wonderful ceremonial cave in Frijoles Cañon well repays the rather breath-taking climb up the many ladders necessary to reach it, although the reconstructed kiva contains no details to interest us. It must have been very difficult to construct, as must also have been the one on the side of the Puyé cliff. But climb the ladders for the unparalleled view up the cañon to give you a more definite background when you read Bandolier's novel 'The Delight-Makers,' as read it you will if the magic of the Southwest grips you. Frijoles also has a kiva in one of the cliff-houses. It was almost entirely within the cliff-wall and is unmistakably a kiva. There is the sipapu opening, a row of holes for anchoring the loom posts, and the faint remains of painting on the walls. These are only two of the many kivas in the Frijoles ruins.

Tusayan kivas are rectangular, but the subterranean feature is preserved by excavating into the rock floor or building against the side of the



A KIVA



TAOS KIVAS

mesa below the house floor level. In them there is a platform at one end, and as the floor level represents the second world to which the ancients climbed, so this platform represents the third, and on it stands the ladder leading to the outer air, the fourth or present-day world.[1]

The platform serves as a seating place for the audience when the rites admit of an audience. In Hopiland when a bowlike contrivance, from which many feathers and ribbons float, is placed across the kiva ladder, it indicates that a ceremony is in progress and no stranger may step on the area about the kiva hatchway. The masonry of Tusayan kivas is rough and poor.

In Zuñi and Acoma the kivas are hidden in the house clusters, probably because of the activity of the Spaniards in suppressing native religious rites. Hodge says that they too are partly subterranean. In Acoma the hiding has been so successful that no white person knows just where they are, and Acoma boasts that no white person has ever entered them.

The Taos kivas are entirely subterranean and are archaic in type. Today they are carefully guarded from the inquisitive tourist and the entrance hedged about with a fence of small poles. It was in a Taos kiva that Popé convinced caciques from other villages, by the appearance of dim glowing figures who danced and directed the pueblo rising of 1680, of the supernatural recognition of his mission.

In the Rio Grande villages the round kiva forms a striking feature in the plaza, that of Nambé, with its winding stone steps, being particularly lovely.

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[1] Notice here the number four, an ever-recurring sacred number in pueblo lore.

Jemez kivas are above ground and Santa Clara has a square kiva.

And so they stand in the modern villages with tall ladder ends sticking up and, as in the old days, songs and drumbeats and the accompaniment of rattles come through the hatchway, and on days of public ceremonies dance figures, brilliantly clad, appear on the top and file down into the plaza to enact again ancient myth and story precious to their race.

CHAPTER VII

PUEBLOS

> We became well acquainted with the people and shared their festivities and their sorrows. We attended their feasts, and when invited partook of their food, although it was not to our liking, rather than insult their generosity. We did not ridicule their ceremonies but respected the religious feeling of which they were the expression. We were careful, in our zeal for collecting specimens of their handiwork, not to plunder their shrines of objects which they hold sacred.
> — JESSE WALTER FEWKES, *Journal of American Ethnology and Archeology*, Vol. VII, Part II.

PUEBLOS, villages, the homes of the sedentary Indians of the Southwest. Here they are living much as they did before the Spaniard marched across their country and brought away tales of these colonies, which tales later led to further expeditions. And with the explorers came the Catholic priests, the padres, builders of the beautiful mission churches, now so fast falling into irretrievable ruin.

One definition of a pueblo is 'a communal village of many-storied, terraced buildings.' This architectural form was developed by the need for defense, and the terracing is its most striking feature. The higher rows set back from the lower like the seats in a grandstand, the roofs of the lower level serving as the front dooryards for the level above.

The pueblos group themselves roughly into three classes. The pyramidal pueblo, of which Taos is the noted example, rooms rising one above another, pyramid-like, even to the height of six stories; the terraced pueblo, built along parallel streets, as at Acoma; and the round pueblo, with its central plaza and, originally, with its protecting outer wall.

PUEBLOS
- Rio Grande.
  - Tanoan.
    - Tewa.
      - Nambé
      - Tesuque
      - San Ildefonso
      - San Juan
      - Santa Clara
      - Hano
      - Pojoaque (extinct)
    - Tigua.
      - Isleta
      - Sandia
      - Taos
      - Picuris
      - Jemez
      - Pecos (extinct)
      - Senecu (Mexicanized)
      - Sacoro (Mexicanized)
  - Keresan ....
    - San Felipe
    - Santa Ana
    - Sia
    - Cochiti
    - San Domingo
    - Laguna
    - Acomita
    - McCartys
    - Acoma
- Zuñi and neighboring pueblos
- Shoshoni (Hopi).
  - First Mesa..
    - Hano (*see* Tewas)
    - Sichomovi
    - Walpi
  - Middle Mesa
    - Michongnovi
    - Shipaulovi
    - Shongopovi
  - Third Mesa.
    - Oraibi
    - Hotevila
    - Bacabi

The early pueblo people were in constant danger from marauding tribes. Ute, Apache, and Navajo swept down upon them, carrying off their crops and making prisoners of such workers as they surprised in the fields, and so the villages were designed for defense. Windows and doors faced the streets or the central court. Outside walls had no openings except for an occasional peephole, presenting forbidding blank walls to the surrounding country. Even these windows and doors existed only in the upper floors. The rooms on the lower tier opened only through a hatchway onto the roof and the roofs were reached by ladders which could be pulled up or, as can be seen still in some of the remote pueblos, the ladders had rungs stuck through the upright poles which could be pulled out. The entrance to the plaza, or the ends of the streets, could be quickly walled up with masonry.

Now, civilization and the disappearance of the predatory tribes that once harassed them have modified these forms until the types have blended into each other and become almost obliterated, but the classification remains of interest. First-floor rooms now have their windows and doors as well as those on the upper tiers. In fact the upper tiers themselves are disappearing with the need for defense and the houses are spreading out, seldom rising more than two stories high, and even breaking off into detached dwellings.

The houses are built of stone or adobe, plastered within and without with burned gypsum. There are groups of rooms to which other rooms have been added as required, beside, or in front, or behind, or on top of the original rooms as convenience dictated, thus giving an architectural effect to be found nowhere else, unless perhaps in Egypt. As a new room is needed, it is added. As an old room becomes useless, it is deserted and crumbles. The plaster weathers and blends in color with its surroundings, and the whole pueblo adapts itself to its environment, presenting sometimes the aspect of a semi-ruin, well weathered, with the corners softened by Time's molding fingers. Beautiful they are in their massing against the blue sky or the golden sunset.

Adobe is sun-dried clay. Now it is mixed with straw, but before the advent of the Spaniard rushes were reduced to ashes and the clay mixed with them. Sometimes the original adobe was molded into balls; sometimes merely laid on in hunks, rudely fashioned by hand. Sometimes it was used to chink stone walls and sometimes spread on the rush-covered poles of ceilings to make the roof of one room and the floor of the superimposed one. Now Mexican and Indian alike make adobe bricks with straw, although for building the Indian uses stone when it is available.

Adobe when protected from the weather is almost everlasting, but it crumbles quickly when exposed to rain and an adobe building needs frequent patching. But it is a material always adapting to its surroundings — never harsh and crude.

Adobe wall, crumbling and softened in outline by time, a cottonwood tree for shade, if possible, and what more does one need for a long afternoon of relaxation and contemplation! Lummis says: 'Adobe was made to lean against.'

Unlike an American town an Indian village blends unobtrusively into landscape. McCarty's, for instance, on the edge of its hill between Albuquerque and Gallup, might easily be passed unnoticed were it not for obtrusive American tin roofs and the flash of light reflected from glazed windows. The windows, too, are what betray the existence of the Hopi towns on their mesas, and Acoma takes real looking for as we approach its rock.

At the time of the Spanish conquest there were seventy of these towns and probably about twenty thousand pueblo Indians. Today there are twenty-six towns and about nine thousand Indians.

Archeologists have divided the pueblo Indians into groups designated by the names applied to their different cultures: the Cibolan culture (Zuñi and its related towns), Tusayan culture (the Hopi villages), and the Rio Grande culture (the group around Santa Fé); but the cultures are blending.

Boarding-schools bring the youth from the different pueblos together. A Laguna marries a Zuñi and the bride brings her customs with her to her new home. Medicine-men visit each other and compare rituals, and every day old barriers are yielding to modern intercourse. But still, with the minor exception of a few modern articles, the daily life goes on, and two thousand years have made little change in the habits of living or the habits of thought, if we may judge by the testimony left us in the ruins of past ages. And we can interpret the ancient life in the light of the life of today. It matters little whether we begin with the ancient ruin or with the modern village, the picture emerges complete in its detail — the same yesterday as today.

A unique civilization, a complex ceremonial life, an art development of value, and all this now in jeopardy from contact with a dominant race as different as possible in its outlook on the universe.

If the dwellers in Bonito or Puyé were as nearly like the modern pueblo folk as their homes are to each other, they too must have been delightful people to know, for we find the pueblo people today gracious in the face of intruding strangers and delightful friends when once the barrier of race has been broken down or the prejudices due to rude tourists overcome.

The Indian has a philosophy all his own. A friend was talking to a Hopi man who lives on one of the glorious Hopi mesas. She asked him if he could tell her why she liked the Hopi people better than some of the other pueblo folk. He replied: 'When the Hopi wakes up at sunrise and goes out to say his morning prayer, he goes to the edge of the mesa and all is beautiful and he is happy and he stays happy all day and you like him. When the man of — [mentioning one of the Rio Grande pueblos] goes to his door, he sees just a dusty plaza and that doesn't make him happy and you don't like him.'

At Zuñi, too, happiness is an obligation. Two rules of the Zuñi faith are never to speak with a double tongue and never to speak with a lifted voice. Several years ago when a very unhappy incident had taken place, I said to an old man of the village affected: 'You seem to have absolutely no resentment, not even way down deep within you.' He answered: 'Resentment would only hurt *me*.'

A peaceful people, cultivating their fields, weaving cotton blankets, making characteristic pottery, and holding complicated rituals, as they did when the villages in the Rito were young!

When the tourist steps into one of these little villages, he steps back into a civilization that was old when the *Mayflower* beached at Plymouth.

Modern material in clothing, even sewing machines and iron bedsteads, cannot modernize these whitewashed rooms. William Morris said: 'Have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful.' The Indian never fails to beautify the useful articles, as witness his baskets, pots, and blankets, and the only ugly things in his homes are those modern conveniences of American manufacture.

Mr. Lummis tells us that here we 'catch our archeology alive.'

The Spaniards had but indifferent success in forcing their religion on the pueblo people, but they brought with them gifts of incalculable value, gifts that were to be more appreciated as time went on and were not intended as gifts at all. Peaches they brought, and sheep and horses. All these were unknown before Coronado pushed his way through New Mexico and Arizona and as far east as Kansas. But the Indian returned gift for gift. The Spaniard found him cultivating tobacco, corn, chili, melons, squashes, and beans. Today in Zuñi and Cochiti and Isleta in the fall the houses are gay with strings of red chili, and musk melons are pared and scooped clean and hung up on posts to dry, later to be split into slices and put away for winter use. Meat is jerked, corn cooked and stored, and all made shipshape in anticipation of the coming of the hunger moon. For the people are provident and, unlike the Navajos, make careful preparation for at least one season ahead.

The baking is done in beehive-shaped ovens out-of-doors, but the rooms have lovely adobe fireplaces and a flat slab for cooking the thin, paperlike piki bread. Sometimes this fireplace is in the corner and sometimes in the center of one of the side walls, in which case a low fire wall projects into the room a few feet and in the angle thus formed the fireplace is tucked. So placed, it is protected from the drafts from the door and the heat is conserved.

Sometimes the floor is of matched stone slabs, sometimes of well-pounded earth rubbed to a smooth polish with soot mixed with ox blood.

The rooms are comfortably large. Around the wall runs a low bench which serves as a seat by day and a bed by night. At one end on a swinging rod are hung blankets, buckskins, ceremonial sashes, and other family belongings. Bright pictures are fastened high up near the roof-beams.

From one of the ceiling beams may be suspended the baby's cradle. When the baby is in it, he is so carefully covered, head and all, that it is a wonder he is not smothered. Sometimes his cradle is taken from its swinging rack and placed upright against the wall of the room, the wrappings removed, and Mr. Baby can watch whatever goes on around him. In another room are the grinding bins, divided into three compartments and placed out from the wall so that the women have room to kneel behind them, exactly as the bins are placed in the ancient ruins. Corn is ground on these bins by the rough hand stone called a mano, and the metate or grinding stone is of rough lava or tufa and raised at one end. Corn so ground retains some of the grit of these stones and causes the peculiar, worn-down effect of the teeth of many of the pueblo Indians. Ancient metates and manos found in the ruins are highly prized and eagerly carried off by the men who assist in the excavations.

The office of Governor of the Pueblo came into being with the coming of the Spaniards. The Governor and his Lieutenant-Governor have charge of all the doings between the pueblo and the outside world.

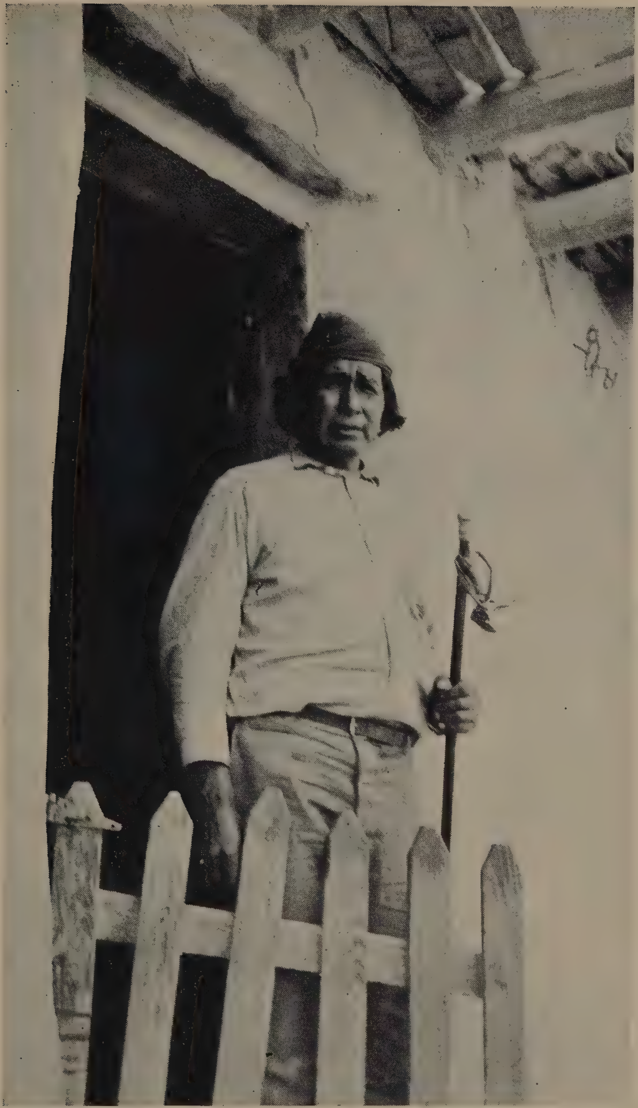
In 1863 a group of pueblo Indians went to Washington to present the pueblo land claims to President Lincoln. Their Spanish grants were vague and had been encroached upon on all sides. The Spaniards, when the grants were made, had given, in token of their confirmation, silver-headed canes to the villages, and these canes had been carefully preserved, passing from the care of one governor to the next. Now Lincoln listened sympathetically to their plea and he too gave them canes in token of his recognition of old claims. These two canes, the Spanish one and the Lincoln one, with their faded ribbons, hang on the walls of the governors of the pueblos which are fortunate enough to own them, and when there is a dispute over the election to office the possession of the canes is a matter of grave concern.

If you go to the Governor's house, he will let you take them in your hand and on the Lincoln cane you will read, 'A. Lincoln, Pres., U. S. A. 1863,' followed by the name of the pueblo.

When a delegation went to Washington in 1923 the canes went along, mute proofs of the trust of these people that if the Great Father only knew about things all would be set right.

The cacique is the real power in the village and he is set aside for his sacred duties. Other men cultivate a field for him and his time is spent largely in religious observances, preparing for the rituals, seeking counsel from the gods, and always keeping a serenity and poise that will make it possible for him to see clearly the essential verities. He must never become involved in petty disputes. He is chosen for life, but the Governor is usually changed every year. There are other officials whose duties differ in the different pueblos.

The psychology of the Indian differs completely from our own. He has developed a strange, interlocking system of life. His religious ceremonies, his social activities, his amusements, are all interrelated as in no other race. This interrelation is confusing to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Asked as to relationship the answer is as apt to be based on religious relationship as on blood relationship. Athletic contests are clan contests or are between religious fratries, as the stick race at Zuñi. Even the yearly rabbit drive is



GOVERNOR OF COCHITI WITH THE LINCOLN CANE

a ceremony as well as a hunt. Once I came into Jemez just as a cacique was calling from the housetops for the men to assemble for the rabbit drive. The men of the summer clan were to compete with the men of the winter clan. Out of the little whitewashed houses they came, each carrying a rabbit stick and each with face painted in symbols we cannot interpret, and, chanting, they wound out of the village and off into the desert.

There is a dual system of organization. From the tiny, disappearing village of Santa Ana to the most complex ones where many minor clan divisions exist, is still held the main cleavage between these two — the Summer and the Winter Clan; most conspicuous perhaps in the two community houses at Taos, the rushing stream dividing them.

The words 'clan,' 'fratry,' and 'tribe' recur so frequently in any discussion of Indian life that it is well to stop a moment to consider the meaning of these terms.

A clan is a family division, kin, theoretically united by ties of blood. Clans are incest groups. They are often named from some animal or object connected with some event in history, real or mythical, and these name objects are sacred to the clan members and become the clan fetishes. Clan ties may run across tribal divisions even to the extent of friendly relations between sister clans, existing in tribes which are enemies. Clan descent is through the woman, and hence a woman is often very important in the clan organization and councils. The clan is the ultimate unit of the tribe. The fratry, or fraternity, is a religious organization and the tribe is a collection of clans. A tribe is distinguished by a common dialect. Fiske compares these divisions to the gens, curia, and tribes of the Romans.

When a marriage takes place outside the village, it was the old custom that a man should go to the village of his wife, and consequently a girl child was an asset, bringing her husband and her children to add workers and defenders to her pueblo. Now, frequently the woman comes to her husband's home, but, perhaps because the custom is not a well-established one, she is often lonely and unhappy, fitting illy into the group life of the women of an alien village who resent differences which seem to spell innovations. If she is a potter, her designs are not theirs, her tempering and polishing and firing not according to their traditions. It is women, white or red, who preserve tradition tenaciously. So here, as with other Indian customs, the old way prescribed by 'the ancients' was the wise way.

The pueblo Indians of the Southwest have three industries which have been theirs for many years and which have preserved their distinct types, one tribe from another, one pueblo from another — basketry, blanketry, and pottery. The product of one group differs from that of another to such an extent that basket, blanket, or pot can be pretty well classified as to the place of its origin by anyone familiar with the decorative units and the shapes used by the different districts. These distinctions now bid fair to become commercialized, lose their ethnological significance, or even disappear altogether under the ever-present white influence. Traders may demand certain types of work which are more easily salable than others, boarding-schools may teach 'designing' for rugs or for silverware according to white standards, ignoring entirely the value and significance of the unmixed traditional decoration which the child may have acquired at home.

Pottery is made almost everywhere throughout the pueblo country and always has been, hence its great significance in tracing migrations and relationships between pueblos.

It is interesting to note that none of these arts show progression. All appear to have reached their present state of development among these people before they came into this area. The ancient specimens resemble those of today and the oldest specimens are nearly as high in the scale as the latest. This is especially true of pottery.

Aridity and sedentary habits are conducive to pottery-making. It was necessary to store water in jars and, while the nomad found the breakable pots too clumsy and too fragile to transport, the sedentary pueblo folk found them just the thing for storage and cooking purposes. But pottery fragments do not always indicate the site of a former dwelling-place.

Traveling from point to point broken pottery would be dropped along the way and ceremonial bowls broken over graves or at sacred shrines ('killed' as the pueblo people say today) would account for more of these scattered fragments. Pots were also left in caves and other sacred places with sacrificial offerings.

Basketry preceded pottery, and perhaps the first pot came from a mud-daubed basket being placed on the fire or from having a heated stone dropped into it to cook the mush or heat the water. The usefulness of baked clay thus became apparent. Later the basket part of the vessel was abandoned. We can trace this beginning of pottery in the fact that the pueblo woman makes her pots by coiling long rolls of clay much as she did the wisps of grass or reeds when she made baskets. These coils are then finished with a rubbing stone unless a corrugated pot is desired. The corrugated pot is a rough pot for cooking and was at first thought to be an older form of pottery, but it is still made. When an especially nice piece of corrugated ware is desired, the coils are indented with the finger-nail or a small stick and an ornamented surface results.

The fine pots have a white slip which serves as a background for the decoration, and the thickness and clearness of this slip differ with the pueblo in which the pot is made. Santa Clara and San Ildefonso make a beautiful black ware by smothering the fire during the firing of the pot.

Many collections of pottery fragments were made years ago that are now quite valueless because the different areas of pottery manufacture were not recognized. In those days classification was simple. Black corrugated ware was 'old'; black on white, newer; slipped ware, newer yet; and glaze so new that it was called 'Spanish glaze'—all orderly and simple, and the only fault to be found with it is that it isn't that way at all. A heterogeneous mass of sherds with no classification as to geographical distribution cannot carry much of a message to the onlooker.

Rain is such a vital necessity to dwellers in this dry land that it is quite natural to find rain symbols looming large in their systems of decoration and rain dances occurring with frequency. The pueblos of the Rio Grande district and the Hopis use a rain design formed of semi-circular cloud symbols with straight lines depending therefrom representing falling rain. At Zuñi the terraced cloud figure predominates and the knife-feathered bird bears a terraced cloud symbol on his head.

Zuñi pots have a beautiful roselike design and often animal figures with a curious line running from the mouth to an interior organ, sometimes said to be the stomach and sometimes the heart.

Acoma pots are so covered as to present often a confused impression. The Acoma pots used to be very fine, but now it is seldom that a really good one can be found, as they are thin and poorly fired.

Tusayan pottery is very beautiful if a characteristic and well-fired piece can be secured. It has a red or orange slip and is decorated in black. The shapes of the jars are unique. They are often flattened on the top and drawn in to a narrow neck. There is also a high, straight-sided vase which is characteristic and the much-conventionalized bird symbol is almost universal.

Santa Clara makes a black ware which is beautiful when well and carefully executed, and San Ildefonso ware is also black, but is decorated with dull black designs. San Ildefonso also makes red ware with decorations similar to the black and now is experimenting with a raised decoration.

The pueblo potter never uses a wheel. In fact the principle of the wheel appears nowhere in primitive Southwest culture, unless we may except the spindle.

Indian art is unemotional and usually the designs are symbolic and not pictorial, but Zuñi offers a striking exception with its raised figures of frogs and its deer designs, and San Ildefonso uses a fairly natural bird.

Scattered everywhere are evidences of the activity of this little brown people and of the skill of their little brown hands — weaving, pottery, masonry, irrigation ditches, the indications of full and pulsing life and a well-advanced culture, a complicated and well-developed religious ritual stretching back into the dim days which no careful archeologist will yet date for us.

The Indian love for ornament has received a great impetus from the introduction of silver into the pueblo area. Zuñis and Navajos are the principal silversmiths, but others are coming into the field. The pueblo woman loves her Navajo 'squash-blossom' necklace with its characteristic device, so differently explained by different informants. Silver buttons deck the side of her skirt. The heavy concho belt is worn by any Indian man who can acquire one. Turquoise and shell necklaces abound, never to a greater extent than at Zuñi ceremonies.

Abalone-shell pendants, both modern and ancient, are valued.

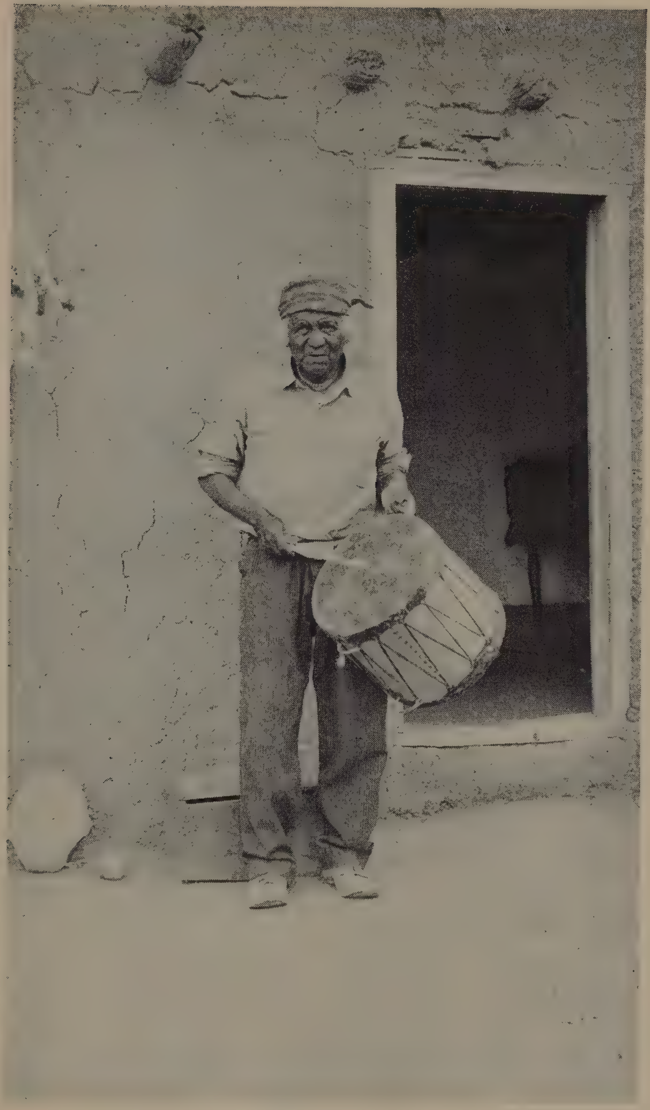
Indian music must be heard and heard again to be appreciated. It is not addressed to an audience. It is an offering to mysterious forces, a ritual. Throb and rhythm it has which must be heard in its own setting to be remembered forever.

I recall a hot July night, too hot to sleep. We have pulled our mattresses out onto the porch of the Government school, where we are occupying the 'guest room.' The stars are ablaze. Music sounds about us. The raucous twang of a jazz tune on a victrola comes from a house across the fields. In front of a near-by cottage the missionary has dragged a tiny organ out to possible coolness and a group of Hopi girls are singing in high-pitched, not unmusical voices, 'We shall know each other better when the mists have cleared away.' And under these sounds we can hear the quiet beat of a drum and chanting voices from a near-by kiva, where singers are practicing for the Butterfly Dance. The jazz ceases first — welcome relief. The organ is silent. But on and on and on throb the rhythm of the drum and the age-old song. Beat, beat, beat, speaking of immensities of space and time; impersonal, the heartthrob of a people. The moon crosses the sky to sink behind the mesas and the stars hold sway alone, brilliant as they never are elsewhere.

It is no exaggeration to say that almost every event in the pueblo is related to the religious life of the group and is accompanied by appropriate ceremonies. A dance is not a dance in our sense of the word, but a ritual, or a dramatization. There is throb and rhythm and prayer. It is not a social affair, but a religious observance. The word 'dance' is unfortunate because it has led observers to treat with undue flippancy performances which have all the sacredness of our church ceremonies to the participants, but it has been used so universally that it would only lead to confusion to attempt to find another and a more appropriate term.

Whites may attend many of the dances, some occurring at set times, or they may happen upon others less well known but equally interesting when visiting a pueblo, but the significance of mask and altar, procession and gesture, is closed to us except in superficial instances.

It is a striking sight to see the line of symbolically garbed figures file up out of the hatchway of the kiva and down into the central court of the pueblo. There are well-known ceremonies that take place every year and are open to the public, the Snake Dance in Hopiland, the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo, the Shaliko at Zuñi, and many others, but it is more impressive to come upon some unheralded ceremony going on with no regard to audience or outsider, to enter a village and hear the rhythmic throb of the drum or the beat of the rattle and see strange figures, often masked, moving through age-old steps to the accompaniment of age-old songs. These dances are addressed to the gods, and it is surprising to us to see them going on sometimes without attracting much attention from the rest of the village. Men and women are going back and forth about



OLD DRUM-MAKER OF TESUQUE

their daily tasks with only a passing glance at the performers.

Sometimes a dance is in progress which must not be seen by profane eyes and then a courteous emissary meets you at the end of the village and asks you to turn back, a request with which a sympathetic visitor is always ready to comply. In Zuñi and Sia a Mexican is not allowed to witness the dances.

The door of our understanding of their ritual is pushed open only a little way and it is doubtful whether outsiders ever will really know how these people worship. The tourist who comes home laden with explanations of intricate ceremonies or symbols would do well to read some of the books on the subject, written by students who have spent years over the task of unraveling the solution of some of them. The wiser the student, the humbler he is in his approach to the esoteric beliefs of this mysterious folk. But every tiny fact we are allowed to glean wakens a more sympathetic interest toward these fellow-dwellers on our continent, and we find ourselves returning again and again to this village or that and sitting through long hours to watch and listen while old myths are re-enacted and old rhythms beaten out in old songs.

There are many ceremonies as yet undiscovered and unstudied by whites. Voth, Fewkes, and others have worked at some in Hopiland of which we know little but their names. There are two long rituals belonging to the women's fraternities fully as complicated as the Niman Katcina rite or the Snake Dance, but to read descriptions of these is to wade through many pages of detail, interesting only to the ethnologist, the repetition of songs which vary only in a few words, the coming and going in fixed but to us meaningless order. Certain general resemblances hold, however, in all these: chants, many and often impressive if not beautiful; the feather in the hair denoting that the wearer is engaged in ritualistic performances; the natsi on the kiva-top warning outsiders to respect its entrance and not come too near.

It is stimulating to the imagination to linger near some hatchway and listen to the deep-toned song and realize that down there in dim shadow crouched about the walls are sitting strange brown men with hair unbound and hanging low over furrowed brows, strange altars constructed with meticulous precision before them, beating time to an age-old chant and worshiping age-old gods, as they sang and worshiped before Columbus set sail or Charlemagne was crowned or, perhaps, even before the Druids lifted the stones of Carnac and Stonehenge.

A person who has sanctified himself and taken part in religious observances is supposed to absorb some of the sacred character of the ritual, and this magic is so powerful that to retain it would be dangerous to himself and to others, so a special ceremony of discharming is used before the individual returns to his daily routine. Purification rites are undergone before taking part in a ceremony and discharming rites follow the observance.

In pueblos where masked dances are held, the masks are especially 'dangerous' and must never be touched by outsiders, the wearer being carefully 'discharmed' after the ceremony in which the mask appears.

In some eastern tribes when a man is sent to carry out a death sentence imposed by authorities of the tribe, he must undergo purification on his return home if he has been successful, and unless this is done he becomes an outcast and a killer and wanders about wreaking violence on whomsoever he meets. The right to kill invested in him by his priests for a purpose must be wiped out by them when the purpose is accomplished.

What is left of this mysterious race? Their arts which we are just beginning to understand and appreciate and their ceremonies which we have ignorantly tried to suppress. And we audaciously try to make white men out of this remnant of unknown parentage, to teach their women to bake in our kitchens, their men to enter into competition in our industrial system. They may disappear under uniformed compulsions. But become like us? Never! The racial strain is too deep to be eradicated and too distinct to be assimilated. Mutual tolerance might effect a compromise and allow a civilization within a civilization to exist.

CHAPTER VIII

ZUÑI

THE Zuñis were the first people discovered by Coronado as he came through New Mexico on his search for gold. The first village seen was not the present Zuñi, but Hawikuh, and the seven Zuñi villages were the famous Seven Cities of Cibola that so bitterly disappointed their discoverers. Today they are all gone except Zuñi and its four farming outposts.

Zuñi stands on a slight eminence near beautiful Corn Mountain whose summit offered a refuge to the Zuñis more than once. In fact they lived there for twelve years after the pueblo uprising of 1680 and it shelters important shrines still in use. There, too, they fled from their great flood when the gods were propitiated by the sacrifice of a lad and a maiden.

They are an agricultural people. Some cattle they have and these are used only for meat; sheep, too, and some pigs. Mutton is their everyday meat and the number of sheep slaughtered for the Shaliko feast is amazing. Muskmelons and watermelons, squashes and gourds are raised, and the women plant onions and chili in their little gardens near the river. Peaches are grown in the foothills and brought in to be dried on the housetops. But wheat and corn are their main crops. Their ceremonies are largely concerned with rites designed to bring rain and fructification of crops.

The houses are of stone and adobe. Here, as elsewhere, the women do the plastering, but the men raise the walls and place the beams. Rooms in Zuñi are larger than in other pueblos, sometimes forty feet long and more, and there are communicating doors by which large portions of the village may be reached without going into the street. The sacred chambers are square and orientate east and west, as runs the sun's path.

Baking is done in the beehive-shaped outside ovens and meal is ground on stone metates. As the maidens kneel behind the grinding bins, young men sometimes stand at the door and sing the lovely Zuñi grinding song, a tableau not to be seen by the white visitor whose presence silences the song and causes the modest maid to hide her face behind her long 'bangs.'

The Zuñis vie with the Navajo in the excellence of their silver work, but the two types are so distinct as usually to be quite easily distinguished.

Zuñi pottery has always been excellent. The most frequently recurring design is of a large squash blossom and also the figure of a deer with a 'breath line' drawn from his heart to his lips. On ancient ceremonial bowls the plumed serpent appears and on one in the Anthropological Laboratory in Santa Fé the serpent has both a horn and a plume. In the Laboratory, also, are ancient bowls covered with a crust of clay from the sacred spring mixed with deer's blood and bits of powdered jet and turquoise. The terraced bowl, symbol of rain-clouds, is seen on altars, and the figures of frogs, tadpoles, water snakes, and dragonflies point again to the importance that water holds in their life. The Shaliko figure appears too on old pottery.

As elsewhere, negotiations with the outside world are carried on by an elected Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, offices that came into being with the advent of the Spaniard. There are no longer seven Zuñi villages, but there are four outlying farming communities occupied mainly during the season when the crops must be watched. These villages cannot hold any of the great ceremonies, but certain lesser dances are given sometimes there.

Zuñi today has about nineteen hundred inhabitants.

The Zuñis are extremely exclusive and the Roman Catholic Church has exerted less influence on it than on the villages of the Rio Grande. A church was built many, many years ago and the Zuñis still bury their dead in the churchyard and, until recently, hanged their witches from its rafters. But they have not been christianized, and if four hundred years of missionary effort have failed, it is demonstrated that their devotion to their own old creeds is deep-seated.

Nowhere do ritual and life mingle more closely than in Zuñi. A race given to mysticism, they have succeeded in spite of white encroachment in keeping their ritual and their ceremonies untouched by outside influences. The practice of their religion inculcates self-control and two of their tenets demand truthfulness and a gentle voice.

In Zuñi ceremonialism has reached its highest development in Indian life and that is why, in discussing it, ceremonies are the main topic. The social system is divided into Household, Kinship Groups, Clans, Tribal Groups, Secret Societies, and Cult Groups, and a man may belong to several of these and be occupied with their several observances.

Perhaps more than any other tribe do the Zuñis live in a world of symbolism. To them every object has a spiritual life of its own. The hierarchy of their gods is complicated, 'gods' being an incorrect term which is used here only for convenience. 'Higher powers' would more correctly express their understanding of their supernatural beings. The dead go first to Kothluwalawa (Dance Village), where the Council of the Gods dwells, and frequently return there to dance. The dead are the Uwannami, or rain-makers, with the exception of the dead of the bow priesthood, the Apilashwanni, who become the lightning-makers. The Zuñis do not fear the lightning because it never destroys the good in heart. The greatest of the gods is Kianilona, Owner of Springs, who sits in state at Kothluwalawa and receives messages from the Council of the Gods. The rain-makers are directed by the Council of the Gods and work behind the clouds. That is why ceremonial smoking is so important, as it helps to make the cloud masks.

There is just one universal higher power, the supreme life-giver, Awoniwilona, and then follow in importance a great number of other powers, celestial, terrestrial, subterranean, and combinations of these. Among the subterranean groups we find the plumed serpent and among the celestial the being with knife-blades for wing and tail feathers, cloud-capped, whose figure we recognize over the altars at Shaliko time. The sun father is anthropomorphic and carries the sun as a shield. It is interesting to find that some of these beings labor, not with hands, but with heart and mind.

The Zuñi, as other Southwestern tribes, believe that they have risen from three underworlds and that when they first came up to this one they had tails and long ears and webbed feet and fingers. The divine twins, sons of the sun father, cut these webs with a stone knife. They believe that after their arrival came the Hopi and then the Navajo. All this mythology finds its counterpart in the priesthoods and fraternities, and myths are acted out during the dances.

As in Hopi, the year is divided into two parts.

The Ashawanni priesthood are those who fast and pray for rain. The Koyemshi, or mud heads, are chosen annually at the winter solstice to serve for the coming year, and at the winter solstice too, the men to represent the Shaliko at the next Shaliko observance are selected.

The shrine representing the middle of the world is not far from the village and it is only a symbol, as the 'real middle' is the room in which the very most sacred fetish is kept and which must not even be spoken of except by a certain priesthood. But under the symbolic shrine is an underground room about six feet square carefully sealed except when opened by the priests for ceremonial purposes.

The ceremonial ground on the south bank of the river is supposed to be the last camping ground of the Zuñis before they found the true middle.

First to be visited by white men, the subject ever since of observation and study, Zuñi maintains today its integrity of organization, social and religious, a testimony to the strong individuality of its people and the efficacy of their racial cohesiveness. White men have but scratched the surface of its civilization and here we find the young men holding as tenaciously as their elders to the traditions of their race.

One of their sacred springs, that at Black Rock, has been included in the irrigation project of that name and now is submerged in Black Rock Lake, but the sacred spring of the plumed serpent is at the farming village of Ojo Caliente.

Whether or not in memory of the 'dark Mexican,' Estevan, who preceded the first white invaders into their country and was killed by them, I cannot say, but to this day no Mexican is allowed to witness a Zuñi ceremony, with the exception of one, and to that one their curiosity brings them in great numbers.

The Zuñi make numberless prayer plumes, offerings to be deposited in the fields or in other specified places. Certain priests also own a 'mill' or ear of corn carefully decorated with special feathers and these are seen standing before the altars during ceremonies. They have many fetishes and the animal fetishes are believed to be the remains of live animals turned to stone when the diminutive gods of war burned the world.

At Shaliko time, in addition to the altar in the

Shaliko houses, there is a structure nailed to one of the ceiling beams that symbolizes the House of the Clouds, and wherever such a structure is seen in a house, it is a sign that it has once been a Shaliko house. During the Shaliko dance prayer plumes are deposited here.

THE ZUÑI STICK RACE

In June, 1930, the stick race at Zuñi had the most perfect setting possible. Leaving Gallup after luncheon, we drove over the new road, far less picturesque than the old one. The old road to Zuñi was full of interest. In the first place, innumerable bridges spanned arroyos and every bridge was set at an angle so that in rainy weather your car slithered uncertainly down a slope to be jerked into position at the bottom. There were no railings, but I remember one bridge had an old bedspring on edge on one side to lend confidence to the timid motorist. But the views! They opened unexpectedly at every hilltop until the final drop into the valley and the short run to the village. Now a safe highway goes smoothly all the way, passing the Indian school at Black Rock and affording just one burst of beauty as it comes over the crest of the mountain. Even Towadylenna itself, beautiful Corn Mountain, dwindles as we skirt its base.

The stick race is in honor of the gods of war. Two annual races are exclusively ceremonial and are attended with many rituals, the planting of prayer plumes, etc. One of these races is run by the sacred groups and one by the clans. But betting races

BETTING ON THE STICK RACE: ZUÑI

occur frequently and these are the ones that arouse the real enthusiasm.

The first picturesque scene occurs at four o'clock when the crowd gathers and the betting begins in the small plaza behind the old church. The managers of the race have the betting in charge. Supporters of the two teams flocked to the plaza bringing necklaces, beads, belts, shawls, calico, anything of value. Here and there two men would meet in the shadow of a wall and engage in a personal wager unconnected with the main pool, but the majority stood in an ever-growing crowd, holding up articles which were taken in charge by one of the managers and tied into bundles to be laid in the center of the group. Careful observation failed to enlighten us as to the method used in the betting.

As time went on the crowd increased. Men who were to follow the runners on their ponies began to gather and form a circle outside the betting ring, watching from their saddles, and forming a picturesque background. Women, wearing colored silk handkerchiefs knotted about their necks and hanging in gay squares down their backs, stood in rows on the rooftops. The afternoon light struck softly on Corn Mountain.

About five o'clock the betting was over and the crowd surged to the starting-place. Men and ponies mingling in the road, regardless of dust. Over a hundred ponies, real ponies, well conditioned and sleek. More men on foot, many intending to follow much of the course. Three automobiles drawn up out of the way. Ours the only one from the outside world. Two belonging to Zuñis. The driver of one of these offered to lead us to the first vantage-point from which the course could be seen.

Across the fields came the runners stripped to the breechclout. They have made offerings in shrines and received sacred medicine from the priests. In the knot of their hair is hidden the point of an arrow. There is red paint under the nail of their index fingers. One set represented the elder and the other the younger god of war. On they came, their arms crossed on their breasts and speaking to no one, standing quietly while an old Zuñi explained the conditions of the race. As in all pueblo affairs, sport and religious significance intermingle.

The crowd milled about, the ponies wheeled restlessly, anticipating the coming scamper. Laughter, banter, friendly jokes with the three outsiders, and then they are off for the thirty-five-mile run, six brown figures scurrying through the dust, following the two tiny sticks marked with the mystic symbols of their clan or fratry.

The stick is managed solely by the feet, one man pausing to kick it while the other two, his comrades, run ahead to be near it when it falls. It must be extricated by the feet alone from any hazard into which it may fall.

We autoists are the only false note in the picture. All three cars, filled inside and out with Zuñis, start on a crossroad to meet the runners when about six miles of the course shall have been covered. Hardly had we reached the spot and pulled off the road when a solitary horseman appeared over a small rise silhouetted against the sky. For a moment he stood alone, then others came in sight, then the crowd of foot runners spreading out on each side of the racers, sweeping down the uneven slope and across the road, and in the midst of it all the six racers. So closely matched were the teams that as they passed us the two sticks fell side by side.

On swept the crowd and we again took off along the road to a further point of vantage. This time we could see the cloud of dust as it came along the base of a foothill. Slowly it divided as one set of racers drew ahead, each team followed loyally by its supporters. By the time the bridge leading from the Black Rock School to the highroad was reached, the first team was a mile in advance. Wearied followers dropped out, fresh ones joined the group, and so on into the glowing sunset, ending at last after a wide sweep in the plaza for the claiming of the wagers.

It was all so wholesome, everyone participating in the fun, everyone good-natured, be he winner or loser.

And over all, the glory of sky and cloud and the distant mountains in the background. Then fell the evening, heralded by a marvelous sunset and the rise of one brilliant star. Quiet, and family groups gathered about the evening meal, a few lighted windows and then silence.

In the summer come rain dances and a marvelous mixed dance when all the katcinas are 'out,' all beautiful and all packed with symbolic interest.

The Zuñi still have a scalp ceremony, although the more peaceful conditions now prevailing will in time do away with it entirely. One idea underlying this ceremony is of interest as showing how consistently the Zuñis hold to their philosophy of the importance of good feeling within the pueblo. Since any bitterness or animosity renders rites ineffective, the ghost of a dead enemy must be propitiated, and the dance around a scalp, while portraying joy in victory, also is an initiation of the spirit of the enemy into the Zuñi pueblo.

Even a slain rabbit has corn put in its mouth and is carefully placed with its head to the east and treated respectfully so that its spirit will carry a good report to the other rabbits. A deer is covered with ceremonial blankets and addressed with terms of relationship.

Sword-swallowing was a feat of one of the medicine societies, but the sword-swallowing occurs seldom in public now, since the death of one of its participants brought it under the displeasure of the Government. The trick of swallowing swords was taught to the Zuñis by the bird with tail and wings of knives. The sword-swallowers perform only in the winter, for they bring snow.

THE SHALIKO

As the Fire Dance is the great celebration of the Navajos and the Snake Dance of the Hopis, so the Shaliko of the Zuñis is their best-known and most sensational public ceremony. It occurs in winter and is usually held in late November or early in December. At this time houses are blessed, eight of them, one by the Koyemshi Fraternity, one by the Council of the Gods, and six by the Shaliko or messengers from the gods. That is, there should be eight houses, but when the number is less, two Shaliko may stay in the same house.

There were four of us who left Gallup in the early afternoon on the seventh of December, 1930, for Zuñi. Forty-two miles of rough road, for the new one had not yet been built, but the beauty of the way more than made up for the discomforts. The day was cold but beautifully clear. Just at four o'clock, along the footway which had been built across the river, came a remarkable procession, the Council of the Gods. First came the Sayatasha. He wore a curious white mask with a long protruding blue horn on one side and was gorgeously dressed in white buckskin with a splendid array of turquoise necklaces. He walked with a peculiar stride from which he never deviated. He was followed by the figure called Hu-tu-tu, wearing a somewhat similar mask, but without the horn and each was accompanied by an attendant called Yamuhakto. With them came two Salomobyas, or floggers, one representing the Zenith, with a parti-colored mask, and the other, the Nadir, with a black one. These two figures danced back and forth a little removed from the other four. This group made the rounds of the plazas of the village, going to six excavations previously prepared, where they planted prayer plumes, scattered meal, and tramped about in a kind of formal dance, Sayatasha and Hu-tu-tu meeting to give the cry of Hu-tu-tu and separating again, each followed by his attendant priest. This done they proceeded to the house to be blessed by them, where they remained the entire night and where we saw them later.

The little fire god had come in before. He was impersonated by a young boy whose naked body was painted black and then covered with bright spots. His mask was similarly painted. He carried a cedar brand which he had used in earlier ceremonies and was accompanied by his ceremonial father, bearing a bowl of prayer plumes, to be planted in prepared excavations. This little god is named Shulawitsi and is the deputy of the sun father. He officiates in the house blessed by the Sayatasha and Hu-tu-tu and is one of the Council of the Gods.

The Koyemshi, or 'mud heads,' have charge of one house. They represent the people from the underworld who have not yet emerged into complete humanity, and also the unfortunate progeny of the incestuous union of a brother and sister. With the often encountered contradictions of Indian philosophy they serve as a warning and are also very sacred characters, feared and reverenced by the Zuñis. They are dressed in clay-colored masks, knobbed, and with ill-formed holes for mouth and eyes. The knobs on their heads contain dust from the footprints of dwellers in the pueblo, seeds and probably dried dragonflies. Their bodies are colored with pinkish clay and they wear ragged black neckcloths and loincloths. In the drum which accompanies their performances are the wings of black butterflies, a potent love charm. They speak in an archaic tongue and this awakens the laughter of the onlookers, but they themselves are serious. Visitors to Zuñi are always amused and interested when the Koyemshi are 'out' (dancing), and they appear at various times during the year. The impersonators of these beings are chosen annually.

The Council of the Gods do not leave the house assigned to them during the night, but the Koyemshi and the Shaliko go forth from time to time to visit the other houses, and when they come in they are the signal for fun-making. The Shaliko figure chases the Koyemshi, snapping his beak, and they pretend great terror and perform all sorts of humorous antics.

Just at sunset we proceeded to the edge of the village to see the Shaliko figures come in. It was a most impressive sight. On our left was the pueblo, its walls red in the setting sun. A full moon was rising above Corn Mountain amid the lavenders and pinks reflected from the west. The west itself was a blaze of gold. Then from behind a tiny rise far to our right came, winding across the fields, the strangest procession one can imagine. The six Shaliko represent gigantic birds and are supposed to be the couriers of the rain god. They are nine feet high with huge crests of feathers, the framework which supports their bodies covered with beautiful embroidered ceremonial blankets. The motor power is provided by a man inside who also manipulates the snapping beak and gives forth from time to time most inadequate bird calls. Why these figures are not merely grotesque, I cannot say, but they are deeply impressive.

Across the field they come, stopping for a ceremony at the old plaza on the bank of the river and then crossing the footway and up into the village. Here they form a line across one of the paths leading to the plaza. The men settle the huge figures on blankets spread for them and, leaving them under guard, a weird row in the gathering darkness of night, proceed to their ceremonial house for the evening meal. Following their example, we went for a hurried supper and short rest before starting out for the night's adventure.

Every house to be blessed is decked in its best. Beautiful blankets hang on walls, white buckskin and ceremonial sashes, and any other precious thing the family owns. The ceremony takes place in a large room of the house, and Zuñi rooms are sometimes very long, although narrow, as befits the necessity imposed by the spanning logs. A room may be forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. On the Shaliko night the owners of these houses must keep open house and must feed all comers, and here is where I must confess to being a bit ashamed of my Navajos. They flock to Zuñi in great numbers, uninvited and not over-welcome, but always courteously received. Babies on baby-boards, tots on their mothers' backs, children of all ages with their mothers and fathers, brothers and uncles. All flock into the houses, the women sitting on the floor in such numbers as to impede the ceremony, the men blocking the doorways, and each and every one eating as many times during the night as they can crowd into the kitchens of the houses. One of my friends whom I met about midnight assured me he had eaten nine times already and had just heard of a house where the stew was about to come off the stove.

At one end of the ceremonial room is the altar with offerings in front, and at intervals during the night prayers are offered and a ceremony performed resembling the communion service. Beside the altar sit the chorus, a band of singers accompanied by a water drum, and these men sing all night unceasingly. On the other side sit the house father and, in the Shaliko houses, the Shaliko figure, rising at intervals to dance up and down the room with little birdlike steps and an occasional swoop.

And so it goes on all night without ceasing. We started at nine o'clock and went from house to house as the spirit moved us, much like the Navajos, only we didn't eat, and we seemed to be always welcome.

As the night wore away, the white visitors motored back to Gallup and warmth. It grew colder and colder and toward dawn I stood alone on the footbridge watching that same morning star which signals the close of the Fire Dance. Never was a night more brilliant or more solemn. All the old Zuñi tales one had ever heard came to mind. I looked at Corn Mountain, at the old church, at the frozen river, the far-off mesas, and then, in the last Shaliko house, I watched as the sun slowly brightened the walls, the smoking lamps were put out, the last prayer said, the last Navajo fed, and the night ceremony of the Shaliko was but a memory.

The morning ceremonies in 1932 were delayed by a violent wind which whipped the sand up and about the village and into every nook and corner of our cars. It is very difficult for the huge Shaliko figures to walk in a high wind, and especially for them to perform the running circuit of the holes where they deposit prayer feathers in the morning ritual. So we waited until noon brought a slight cessation in the wind and then went to the old plaza south of the river.

Here came the Council of the Gods: Shulawitsi; his priest or ceremonial father; Sayatasha and Hu-tu-tu and their attendants; and the two Salomobyas. While Sayatasha and Hu-tu-tu performed their dance, the two representing the Zenith and the Nadir pranced back and forth on the river-bank. After a time they all marched off. Then across the river could be seen a Shaliko figure coming through the village street; then another. They crossed the footpath over the river and formed in a line on one side of the plaza. Holes had been dug for the plumes they were to deposit. After they had stood for a time in a row on the south side of the plaza while a large group of Zuñi men dressed in their best gathered about, ostensibly to sing but I think also to see that the crowd did not press too closely and observe too minutely what went on in the group, the Shaliko began to run rapidly back and forth, crossing from one hole to the south line and then back again to another. There is a definite order in their crossing and recrossing, but it is impossible for an outsider to follow. Plumes were planted, fructification rites performed, and then the Shaliko filed off toward the symbolic center of the world and spectators were not supposed to follow farther than the edge of the village.

Dances occur for five days after the Shaliko ceremony and then the Zuñis enter a period of quiet during which no trading or dancing takes place and which ushers in the next round of ceremonies.

CHAPTER IX

TUSAYAN: THE LAND OF THE HOPI

Tusayan, the land of the Hopi Indians, lies one hundred miles from Gallup and eighty from Winlsow in the northern part of Arizona. It was an area of concentration, and here gathered the Tusayan clans from north, south, and east, bringing with them bits of strange cults picked up on their migrations.

The Hopi villages are built on three mesas, or tablelands, which jut out into the far-flung painted desert. This isolation has saved them thus far from the influx of white tourists which has overtaken so many of the other pueblos, and today Tusayan is the least touched by white influence of any Indian group in the Southwest and its ceremonies approach most nearly the ancient form. The snake ceremony, so widely known because of its sensational public performance on the ninth day, brings swarms of sight-seers, but for the rest of the year Hopiland dreams on much as it has always done.

To be sure, day schools are now installed at the foot of each mesa, testimony to the determined and successful protest of the Hopi against the carrying away of their little ones to far-distant boarding-schools; schools where white efforts to uproot an age-old culture and substitute another and an alien one too often resulted in spiritual and physical death. Today Hopi little ones are taught under more normal conditions, the inevitable adjustment to the incoming whites, without breaking their family ties, at least until babyhood is passed.

On the first mesa, the most easterly one, are the villages of Hano, Sichomovi, and Walpi, three towns separated from one another by a few yards, but distinct in tradition and culture, organization, and, in the case of Hano, even in race. The ancestors of the dwellers in Hano sought protection from enemies among the Hopis and were granted a site at the head of the trail, agreeing in return to be the guardians of this approach to the mesa, and they are still known as 'The Guardians of the Trail.'

Nampeyo, the famous Hopi potter, is a Hano woman.

Walpi is the oldest of the Hopi towns and dates from before the sixteenth century, while Sichomovi dates from about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The middle mesa is the site of Mishongnovi, Shipaulovi, and Shimopovi, this last less often visited than either of the other two. Mishongnovi and Shipaulovi are the most conservative of all the villages. Shipaulovi is the smallest.

Oraibi was alone on the third mesa for a long time, occupying the site it did in the sixteenth century, but now Hotevila, an offshoot from the older town, and Bacabi, another and smaller offshoot, share it.

That the Hopi did not always live on these high rocky perches is amply attested by the many ruins of villages scattered over a wide area which were built by them in their slow drifting on to their present location.[1] The prehistoric ruins throughout all the pueblo area bear witness to the slow, amœba-like drift of the aboriginal folk from one site to another, and the Hopi were no exception. For one cause or another, such as failure of streams or springs, whole villages were abandoned, but there was also the slower drift, such as we see today at Acoma and Zuñi, where one family and then another move out nearer the fields, returning home for religious observances and perhaps in time forming a new neucleus and bringing with them the necessary paraphernalia for their ceremonies.

In this connection it is interesting to note the story of the final removal of Walpi to the mesa-top. While the monks were still in Tusayan before the massacre of 1680, the Walpians were living on the terrace below the present site. Some women of the Snake Clan urged the wisdom of seeking a site more easily defended. The men, more slow to act, hesitated. Finally, the women carried their metates and other domestic utensils to the top of the mesa and demanded of their men that they build houses there where they could be more secure from the priests. One of these ancient houses was still occupied by a Snake family when Victor Mindeleff wrote his report on Tusayan architecture for the Bureau of Ethnology in 1886.

The house of the clan priestess is looked upon as the home of the clan and she is very influential. So much for the position of women in this primitive group.

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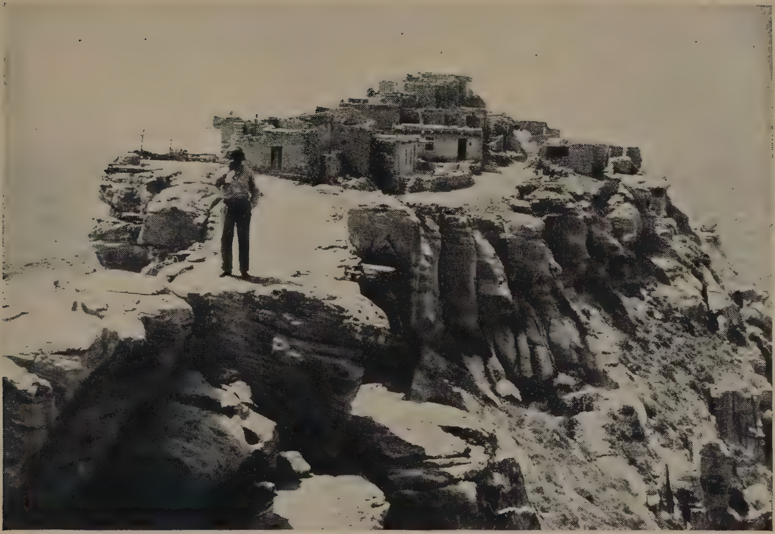
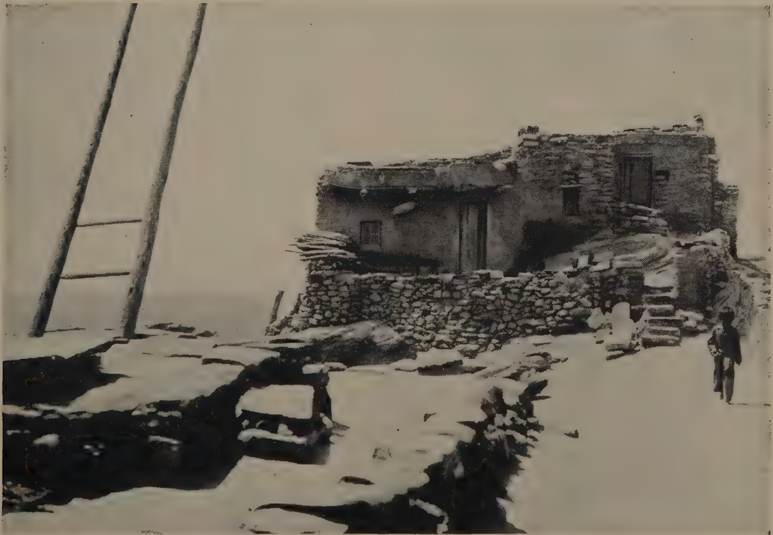
[1] See the interesting monograph written by Jesse Walter Fewkes on Tusayan Migrations and published in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.



WALPI



KIVA HATCHWAY AND HOUSES, WALPI

Hopiland as a whole has set a stern face against foreign inroads. On the third mesa Hotevila broke away from Oraibi because of differences of opinion between the conservative element and the group more tolerant of new ideas. There is a story, how true or not I cannot say, that when the dwellers in Oraibi saw that a division was inevitable, they decided which faction should move by holding a tug of war and the losers were the ones to go to the new site. In this case the losers were the conservatives and with them went some of the ceremonial paraphernalia necessary for the performance of certain rites which now cannot be held at Oraibi.

The word 'Hopi' is derived from the word 'Hopitu,' meaning peaceful people. The Hopi are agricultural, home-loving, and, although perhaps quarrelsome among themselves, not aggressive or warlike, and so they fell an easy prey to marauding tribes. That is one reason why they sought their present high-perched dwelling-places, though later fear of the Spaniards had its influence.

The Hopi developed a species of corn that would push its roots deep into the soil and mature rapidly in a short season. The corn is planted in clumps and a small windbreak is built to protect it until the roots can get a hold firm enough to resist the high desert winds. Corn is the most precious Hopi possession and represents their wealth. It appears everywhere in Tusayan ritual. The 'tiponi' or sacred badge of office of the Snake Society is an ear of corn surrounded by feathers and this is called 'The Mother.' This symbol appears in Zuñi in an even more elaborate form, a perfect ear of corn with a base in which is wrapped sacred pollen and turquoise and a wrapping of beautiful feathers that completely hide the ear. When a Hopi baby is born, two white ears of corn are placed beside it and remain there for twenty days. The child is given its name on the twentieth day and the mother and godmother take the two ears of corn with the child to the east side of the mesa, where the baby meets the sun for the first time. If the baby is the first one, the mother wears one of her beautiful white bridal blankets.

These bridal robes have been woven by the bridegroom or some of his family. In Hopiland the men are the weavers, and the blue-black Hopi blanket used by the women is woven in an intricate diagonal pattern. These blankets date only from the introduction of wool, but in the earliest days the Hopi raised cotton and wove ceremonial kilts, belts, and sashes as they do today. Beautifully woven cotton blankets are found wrapped around bodies disinterred from ancient Hopi burial sites. Today the Hopi trade for blankets from the Navajos, but enough cotton is still grown to provide the material for the kilts, sashes, and belts worn in the religious ceremonies. A white blanket with a red border is worn over the shoulders of the women and a blanket with a beautiful border of rain symbols and butterflies is made. The butterfly, or moth, is a symbol of fecundity and these blankets are wedding blankets.

Formerly maidens wore their hair in huge whorls on each side of their head, these whorls supposed to represent the squash blossom, and from their ears hung square wooden earrings set with turquoise. Now the boarding-schools have done away with the whorls and with them the square earrings have disappeared. The wrapped white buckskin boots are fast following the rest of the native dress into oblivion, but brides still wear them and, though they appear clumsy to us, they serve to make the feet look even tinier than they are.

Among the Hopi we see an occasional albino. These people are regarded with a superstitious awe. One family at Walpi is connected with the Snake Clan and an elderly albino woman is among those who sprinkle the snakes with sacred meal before they are carried down to the plain below the mesa. Hotevila has an albino family too. When whites crowd into Hopi villages for the Snake Dance, these albinos keep aloof and out of sight, perhaps because of the unrestrained and inconsiderate curiosity of the average American tourist.

As among all of the pueblo folk, the products of the different villages are quite distinct. Pottery is made on the first mesa in Hano; basketry plaques on both the middle and the third mesa, but the weave is different and easily distinguished. Katcina dances are held on all three mesas, but the Tusayan katcina 'doll' is made only on Walpi. The Hopi pottery is distinguished by a peculiar feather symbol.

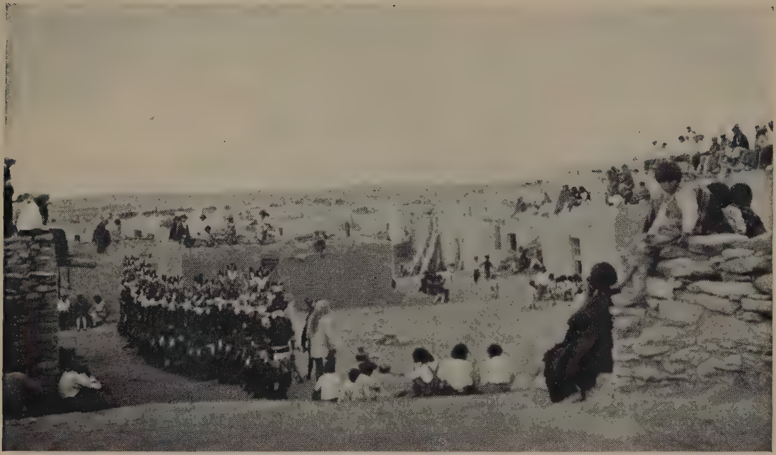
Although the Snake Dance is the best known of the Hopi dances, there are many others equally important to Tusayan ritual. The ceremonial year is divided into two parts and the katcina or masked dances occur during one half of the year, commencing at the winter solstice, and the unmasked or clan dances during the remaining half.

The Niman Katcina, or the departure of the Katcinas to their far-off home, is the last of the masked dances and takes place in July. The Snake and Flute dances follow in August and usher in the unmasked ceremonies.

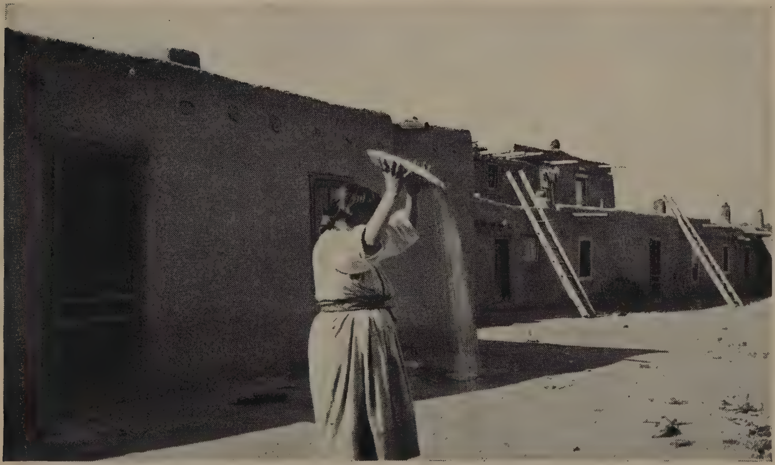
There are two important women's dances at Hopi, in one of which the Lalakonti, a representative of the Spider Woman, appears. The Spider Woman taught women to weave and men to snare. The other women's dance is the Maurau.

There is a Bear Dance in April and a Corn Dance in June. The Powamu ceremony portrays the bringing of fire and at this ceremony the initiation of the children takes place. The Soyaluna celebrates the return of the sun and of the warriors who fought the serpent who held the sun in his power. Fewkes says, 'The singing of the night songs of the warriors is one of the most effective archaic episodes of the ceremonial life of the winter solstice.' In the Soyaluna the snake effigy is used, but it has no connection with the myth portrayed in the Snake Dance. The Soyaluna marks the return of the Katcinas as the Niman marks their departure.

Birds and feathers play an important part in Hopi ritual and appear constantly in their decorations, often reduced to symbols. The feather symbol on Hopi pottery is conventionalized out of all possibility of recognition without the clue being given. Feathers are suspended from objects used in worship and feathers are painted on the necks of water-jars. They



NIMAN KATCINA AT HOTEVILA



WINNOWING AT TESUQUE

are worn in the hair and the individual prayer symbol, called a 'nacwakwoci,' is a feather attached to the end of a string.

As we have said, Hopi was a concentration area and Tusayan clans met there and formed the Hopi people. Tradition has it that all the clans were one in some far distant day and became scattered to find each other again at Tusayan. The Snake, Horn, and Bear people were the first arrivals and came from the north. The Bears and the Antelopes both claim Cañon de Chelly as their ancient home, but the Bears say they lived there after the Antelopes had left. The Antelopes came from the east.

The Squash Clan of the middle mesa came from the south, as did the Patki, or Water-House Clan, and there is kinship between the Patki and a Zuñi Water-House Clan. The Coyote people came from the north.

There is a very definite connection between Zuñi and Hopi distinctly traceable. A very old trail leads from one to the other and the many ruins along this trail yield evidences of both cultures. Only at Zuñi, Acoma, and Hopi are katcina dances held and only there are katcina figures made. But time and distance and the absorption of different clans into the Hopi population have wrought changes, and now there are more differences than resemblances apparent between them, these very differences rendering the resemblances more striking.

There was a rumor in the summer of 1931 that the Zuñis were to give a dance on Walpi, an unusual occasion not to be missed, and, whether a well-founded rumor or not, it offered an excuse to get into the magic land of Hopi when tourists were not about. A hurried trip to the mesa resulted in coming upon persistent reports of Zuñis to come, but nothing happened except a beautiful Niman Katcina dance on the third mesa.

Fiske speaks of the 'Moqui-Zuñi culture.' At one point in the Powamu ceremony the clowns gather in the plaza and sing a Zuñi song. The Zuñis claim that Sichomovi on the first mesa is a Zuñi village. But the connection between them does not extend to the Snake and Antelope clans, for the Snake priests in Tusayan insist that the Zuñis have no knowledge of these.

Also, there is some ceremonial connection between Acoma and Hopi, and at the Snake Dance, as performed at Walpi, the part of the asperger is said by Fewkes to be taken by an Acoman who comes to the mesa for the purpose. Whether this is still so or not, this man chants an Acoma sacred word, 'Tcanahia Awakaia.'

In Zuñi one of the great yearly ceremonies is the coming of the messengers of the gods from Corn Mountain to bless the new houses in the village, and these messengers are large, birdlike figures called 'Shaliko.' In Hopiland appears an equally huge figure clothed in feathers and called 'Sio Caliko.' The resemblance is obvious. Beak and upstanding headdress are too nearly alike for coincidence to account for them, but the intricate and beautiful occurrences at Zuñi have been simplified at Walpi and the ceremony is a summer one. In Zuñi the giant Shaliko figures are covered with tiers of blankets, but the Walpi doll (I have not seen the dance) has capes of eagle feathers. The Walpi celebration is not an annual event.

Possibly the cult of the plumed serpent came up from the South with the Indians in the train of the conquistadores. Certainly it bears no relation to the Snake clans, although its effigies are to be found in all the Hopi villages.

KATCINAS

In the shops of the Southwest are to be found grotesque figures carved from soft wood and gaily colored — katcinas — and some people will tell you that they are the idols of the Hopi Indians; others will tell you that they are Indian dolls. A foreign artist has painted a little Navajo girl rocking one in her arms. It is not altogether easy to explain them, but they are not idols and they are not dolls and they have no connection with the Navajos.

A fourfold use of the word 'Katcina' has given rise to some confusion. The word is applied to the masked dances of Hopi and Zuñi, to the deities represented in them, to the men who take the part of these deities, and to the little carved wooden figures of the dancers.

In katcina ceremonies men impersonate the gods and demigods of the myths, wearing appropriate masks decorated with the symbols of the deity represented, and figures are made of these and given to the children to familiarize them with the attributes of the gods. Many are now made by the Hopi for the tourist trade and may be seen hanging on the wall in Tom Pavatea's store at Polacca or in Lorenzo Hubbell's trading-post at Oraibi, and even the conservative Zuñis are selling them, but not so openly. Zuñi katcinas are bootlegged out.

Authentic katcinas are katcinas made by the Indians for the Indians and there are incredible numbers of them. If you would get even an approximate idea of their number, consult the Fifteenth and Twenty-First and Forty-Eighth Annual Reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, with descriptions and pictures of many of them. They are ever-changing. New ones are introduced from time to time and old ones are discarded. Perhaps the clan presenting them dies out, and they are now only recalled by old masks no longer used, but cared for in some secluded room.

An attractive Zuñi katcina represents the little fire god who accompanies the Sayatasha, both members of the Council of the Gods. His body is painted black, dotted with many-colored spots representing sparks. On his head are feathers and a roll of cotton, many turquoise necklaces about his neck, and in his hand a cedar bark torch. He is unclothed except for a black breechclout. In Hopiland there is a katcina representing a Snake priest, painted and dressed as the priests in the dance, and holding a snake in his mouth. The Eagle Dance is a fraction of an old ceremony now disappearing in its complete form. Many pueblos have an Eagle Dance and the Eagle katcina is a charming one less frequently seen than some of the others. Perhaps the most familiar katcina is the one with the horns of the mountain goat, the terraced cloud symbol on cheeks or headdress, the typical belt and kilt, and the feet of different colors, one blue, the other yellow. Many represent different animals. An authentic and comprehensive collection is interesting and difficult to obtain.

But the katcina doll is not very old. No hint of one has ever been unearthed from an ancient ruin. The possibility has been suggested that as the Indian saw the Catholics represent their saints by small figures on their altars and in their houses, they made their sacred images in imitation. These dolls are made only at Walpi and Zuñi.

The katcina cult itself is very ancient and katcina dance figures have been found on old pottery fragments, one of the great cloud katcinas in the ruins of Awatobi, for instance, and Awatobi was destroyed in 1700.

In katcina dances the symbolism is on the mask only. The costume, kilt, sash, foxskin, rattles, dance moccasins, and the spruce twigs inserted in the girdle and the arm bands do not differ.

CHAPTER X

THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE HOPI

Many miles from the railroad, on the top of three high mesas in Arizona, are the Hopi villages where the far-famed Snake Dance is held. Grouped in clusters, the villages conform to the shape of the mesa-tops and so are less regular in plan than the villages of the plains. Here they relied for protection from their foes on their rocky perches and the easily defended trails which climb the steep sides of the mesas.

The views from these high-perched little towns are glorious. Far-stretching plains spread out at their feet. At sunset or under the full moon they are at their best, but dawn and noonday have their own gamut of color too.

Attending a Snake Dance is not a simple matter. There are great distances to be crossed; there is discomfort at the end, camping, perhaps, on a mesa-top in great heat, for the Snake Dance comes in August; there is a pushing crowd of hilarious tourists, seeking sensation and shouting with laughter at whatever is unfamiliar to them; there is a hot wait of perhaps three hours in the sun in order to hold one's seat on a housetop, or crouched in the dust along the edge of the plaza. But if you have an interest in the approach of aboriginal man to his religious mysteries, you will be amply repaid in witnessing this strange ritual — the end of nine days' fervent and secret rites.

The ceremony, which has come to be widely known because of the sensational features of its final performance, is conducted by two clans, the Antelope and the Snake. The Antelope Clan is primarily entrusted with the rites connected with the growth of corn, and the Snake Clan with those designed to bring rain to the fields. There has come to be a close connection between the two. They were among the first clans to find their way to Hopiland. Fewkes thinks there was some far-off relationship between them, almost forgotten, but renewed when they came to the mesas.

Before visitors became so numerous and so curious, trusted whites were admitted freely to the kivas, so we must turn back to their records to get any report of the kiva rites preceding the final public performance.

Perhaps the first man to observe the ceremony carefully was Captain John G. Bourke, of the Third United States Cavalry, who witnessed the Walpi dance in 1881. Fewkes's accounts are to be found in the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Annual Reports of the Bureau of Ethnology. H. R. Voth and George A. Dorsey have valuable monographs in the Anthropological Series of the Field Columbian Museum on the Oraibi and Mishongnovi dances, and these reports gain in interest from the fact that Mr. Voth spoke the Hopi language. All of these men were admitted to the kivas and saw the altars and more or less of the secret rites performed there.

When we reach the top of the mesa and pass the Snake Kiva, we see on the roof the pile of hoes and digging-sticks which have been used in the snake hunts, and across the projecting ends of the ladder a bow with horsehair stained red and feathers mixed between hanging from the string. This is the natci and indicates that the ceremony is in progress below. Courteous folk will keep away from the entrance.

In the Antelope Kiva a sand design of cloud symbols and falling rain has been drawn (perhaps the ancestor of the complex Navajo sand paintings). Around it are arranged the paraphernalia of the ritual, articles meaningless to the uninitiated and differing somewhat on the different mesas, but arranged and used in exact accordance with tradition. The Snake Kiva has no sand design, but sand is spread on a small part of the floor for drying the snakes after the purificatory washing which will be described later.

On the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth days before the public performance an interesting ceremony takes place in the Antelope Kiva. A young girl and boy are brought in, dressed in ceremonial robes with necklaces of shell and turquoise. The girl has her hair let down from the traditional whorls worn by maidens before the Government schools sheared their locks, and a sacred feather is tied to her hair. The girl enacts the part of the 'Antelope Maid,' or corn maiden, and the boy the part of the 'Snake Youth.' The girl holds a jar with cornstalks and bean and melon vines, and the boy, standing beside her, holds the tiponi, or palladium of the order in one hand and a rattlesnake in the other. They stand behind the sand altar during the ensuing rites.

Voth has given a description of this in his account of the Mishongnovi ceremony:

They were now ready to begin the first of the eight traditional songs sung on this and the following three mornings, and which, taken collectively, form certainly the most beautiful incident in the entire Snake and Antelope ceremonies. Throughout these four early morning presentations there was an utter absence of the spectacular. There was always present a deep and earnest feeling which rendered the exercises extremely impressive. Such a picture as this, representing as it does the dramatization of an event in a myth, with the boy and girl dressed in picturesque garments in the background, with the beautifully colored mosaic, with its accompanying crooks and other objects of the altar surrounded by nearly naked men in a sitting posture with their black, glossy hair falling loosely over their sinewy backs, with old, blind Qomahiniwa sitting alone by the hearth, keeping time by beating an eagle feather and slowly swaying his body and entering into the ceremony to the best of his ability, joining in the song now and then, all uttering their fervent 'Anchaa,' the deep gloom of the kiva, heightened by much smoke from the tobacco and later intensified by the first white light of the East, seen faintly overhead through the narrow kiva hatchway, all combined to make a picture never to be forgotten.

This part of the ceremony was especially intense, and Voth records:

> It was readily apparent that all labored under great emotion... two of the older priests gave way to violent sobbing, in which the element of joy no doubt predominated.

This is the only time a snake is brought into the Antelope Kiva, but the Snake Kiva has been housing the gathered reptiles since the first day of hunting.

The snakes have been collected from the four sacred directions on four successive days, each day's hunt being in one of the cardinal directions from the mesa. Later, if the required number has not been secured, the hunters may go in any direction and other members of the Snake Clan may contribute snakes come upon in their fields until a goodly number of victims have been gathered. 'Victim' is perhaps too strong a word, since the snake is carefully preserved from harm, but to be crammed into a bag with other snakes, to be herded for days in the kiva, to be washed and then dried on a bed of sand, and finally to be carried in the mouth of a priest, dropped to the ground and picked up in bunches before being released at the mesa foot to find his own home again, can hardly be a happy experience for even the most obliging serpent.

The hunting priests follow a track, and if it leads to a hole they dig out the snake and sprinkle him with sacred meal before thrusting him into the snake-bag. If he coils, he is induced to uncoil by a gentle teasing with the snake-whip, a short stick tipped with eagle feathers. It has been suggested that in the feathers the snake recognizes his old enemy, the eagle, and tries to avoid it.

Later, in the kiva, the snakes are plunged into a bowl of water for a ceremonial cleansing. All participants in a dance must bathe, symbolically at least, and as the snake is to take part in a dance, no exception is made in his case. Voth describes this part of the rite as follows:

> When all is ready the man near the sack puts his hand into the sack, draws forth a snake and hands it to the man opposite the bowl containing the suds. He dips it into the bowl and holding it in one hand, draws it through the other and then hands it to his companion who repeats the operation with the reptile in the other bowl and then places it on the sand field. Another snake follows and then another, etc. The men have in the meanwhile lit pipes and are solemnly smoking, handing the pipes from one to the other, exchanging terms of relationship. The snakes, of course, try to escape but are herded and sometimes pushed back with the whips. The smoke, drawn from the pipes, is constantly blown towards the snakes. But in spite of all these measures the snakes make desperate efforts to escape, not only the racers that glide and shoot swiftly up and down, but also the bull and rattle snakes. They crawl over and between the nude legs of the men, up their arms, etc., so that often it becomes necessary to take them with the hand and lay them back. As the number of reptiles increases it becomes more difficult to control them and keep them on the small place assigned to them, and for a time the men are kept very busy. The snakes, finding all their efforts to escape frustrated, finally huddle together in the two corners. It is simply appalling with what apparent unconcern those men handle the reptiles.[1]

Spectators always ask whether the fangs of the rattlesnakes have been removed or whether the snakes are 'doped.' Of late years I have heard the remarkable theory advanced that the snakes are induced to strike at a piece of raw beef until the venom is exhausted. Anyone knowing the habits of rattlers can discredit this last theory and the other two have been repeatedly denied, not only by the priests themselves, but by careful observers who have watched the rites repeatedly. It is true that the snakes are most venomous in the spring when they first come out of their holes and that they have been using their poison all summer, but I doubt whether many of us would rely on this as an assurance against serious results in the event of a bite.

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[1] H. R. Voth, *Oraibi Summer Snake Ceremony*, p. 399.

The handling of the snakes is of such interest to outsiders that I am going to quote again from Mr. Voth, giving some scenes he witnessed in the different kivas, and his conclusion, which, while interesting, seems not to give a sufficient reason for the apparent immunity of the priests. In speaking of occurrences when the snakes were being transferred from the bags to the jars in which they were kept in the kiva, he says:

> A second rattlesnake to appear seemed greatly enraged as it escaped from the snake bag and began rattling at a furious rate which seemed to amuse young Choshnimitiwa and two other much younger boys who watched it for a moment, apparently with delight, and then the toughest of the three, a boy not possibly over nine years old, with a deliberate motion, picked the snake up with one hand and removing the corn-cob stopper from the jar with the other, thrust it into the receptacle.[1]

And in another place:

> The older priests assembled in a circle around the hearth where they engaged in fraternal smoking, the

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[1] Dorsey and Voth, *Mishongnovi Snake Dance*, p. 219.

> care of keeping the snakes confined to the sand field being left to three or four of the smallest boys. This they did for two hours with unfailing pleasure and delight. These boys, barefooted and otherwise entirely naked, sat down on the stones and with their whips or naked hands played with the snakes, permitting them to crawl over and under their feet, between their legs, handling them, using them as playthings, paying no more attention to the rattlesnakes than to the smallest harmless whip snakes, forming a sight never to be forgotten.... In Oraibi in 1896 little Hoveima, who was then a lad of about ten years, herded or watched them alone, though they kept him very busy when the other men had withdrawn.

In Walpi two old and experienced priests herd the snakes. These men are alert enough when an unruly charge attempts to venture into forbidden fields, but at times seeming dulled as though by some narcotic.

Voth explains the method used in picking up the snakes, as follows:

> Under ordinary circumstances the movement of the hand in trying to take a snake is slow, gentle, but sure and unhesitating. I saw old, half-blind, Nuvakwahu reach towards several snakes that with heads raised and drawn back were watching the approaching hand and probably would have struck, since they were at least partly coiled, had they noticed the least twitching or jerking motion of the hand. Never at any time have I seen even the most experienced member of the Fraternity try to take a snake when the reptile was entirely coiled up.... If a snake does coil up it is invariably induced to uncoil by waving the snake whip over it.

The snake of the Snake Dance is not the 'plumed serpent,' but a totemic emblem of the Snake Clan. The statement which one still hears in spite of the increased understanding of the Indian that he 'worships snakes' is quite groundless. A snake priest once told me that when the next white tourist asked him if he worshiped snakes, he was going to tell him that he did, because tourists seem so disappointed and incredulous when he said he didn't.

Only the final ceremonies of this nine-day ritual are public. If you have been on the mesa on the preceding days you may have seen men in ceremonial garb slipping from one kiva to the other or running down to the plain armed with snake-bags and snake-whips, or heard the solemn, throbbing voices of the priests through kiva hatchways.

At sunset on the day preceding the Snake Dance there takes place in the plaza a performance which to the uninformed observer looks like a rehearsal of the dance of the following day, with the exception that stalks of corn are used instead of snakes. But this is a ceremony of the Antelope Clan, and the dance commemorates another myth than that of the Snake Dance.

At dawn on the eighth and ninth days there is a race from far out on the plain up to the mesa-top. There are interesting rites connected with the starting of this race, but they take place far away from the village and before dawn, and white observers are unwelcome; so it is better to stand at the mesa-edge scanning the distance until someone, sharper-eyed than the rest, points out the line of brown figures slipping along a trail in the far distance. Groups of tiny children, gay in paint and feathers, guided by their elders, stand watching; maids gather for the scramble for possession of the stalks of corn to be brought up by the runners. The sun rises on a scene which has been repeated practically unchanged for centuries, except for the presence of the white guests who are so completely out of place in the picture. Up come the panting figures, trotting through the crowd, to be rewarded by a tiny netted pottery water-bottle containing blessed water to sprinkle on the field of the winner.[1]

Then the spectators disperse to while away the long summer day until the coming of the great event which has drawn them hither.

If you have a good car and do not mind rough roads and steep inclines, you may drive around all three of the mesas from Walpi to Hotevila. It is a drive which I believe to be unparalleled anywhere in the world. Distances, colors, shadows, mountain groupings! But be sure to be back in your places in the Snake Dance plaza hours before the sun sets. The waiting time will be full of interest. Visiting Indians — Navajos — out of nowhere;[2] whites, some of whom have been coming for so many years as quite to belong in the picture now; traders who live hereabouts; and the tourist often, unfortunately, bringing the one false note because of lack of sympathy and understanding and merely seeking a new sensation. It is this type of tourist who has closed the hospitable door of the Indian to others by betraying his courtesy. An idle laugh, a poorly suppressed sneer, a rude intrusion, and the Indian welcomes less cordially the next comer. Often the rudeness is due more to ignorance, embarrassment, or self-consciousness than to anything else, but the result is the same, and a people naturally gracious, hospitable, and friendly closes its doors and retires behind a wall of silence.

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[1] There is a legend that the Antelope Clan brought corn to the Hopi at a time of starvation and that this is symbolized in this race to the mesa on the day of the Snake Dance. Legend also has it that it was as a reward for this act that the Antelopes were invited to stay in Hopiland.

[2] Navajos appear at every gathering in this country, not always over-welcome, but never received with discourtesy.

The Snake Dance itself differs in minor details on the different mesas: Walpi, perhaps the most dramatic and fiery; Oraibi, more sober and intense; Shipaulovi, fine in costume and with vigorous young priests; Mishongnovi, poor in costume and simpler in form, yet giving an impression of old conventions not changed by time or audience.

After the long wait, as twilight comes and the blue lights creep over the desert and the far-off surrounding hills, we hear the sound of the rattles and a line of Antelope priests enters the plaza at a brisk trot. In the center a small bower of cottonwood boughs has been erected, facing east, and a curtain drawn snugly around it. At Walpi this curtain is a very ancient buffalo skin, but at the other mesas it is of cotton cloth. In this bower the snakes have been placed in bags or jars and a Snake priest is within to draw them forth as they are needed. In front of the bower is a small depression in the ground covered by a board, and this represents the entrance to the underground world, Sipapu, the home of the gods.

The Antelope priests are accompanied by a man who is said originally to have come from Acoma every two years to assist in the ritual, but now the part is taken by a Hopi, although he is not an Antelope nor a Snake priest, but of the Water-House Clan, and probably represents an Acoman. He carries a bowl of sacred water and an aspergill, and wears a garland of cottonwood leaves. He calls out a mystic word, the meaning of which has been lost in the passage of the years, but it is not in the Hopi language.[1]

At the end of the procession of Antelopes is a man personating a warrior who carries the natci taken from the kiva hatchway and twirls a whizzer or 'bull roarer' — a contraption of flat slabs which, when swung at the end of a long string, makes a noise like wind-driven rain.[2]

These priests line up on either side of the kisi, or bower, and await the coming of the Snake priests. At last they come: a line of gray figures with bodies streaked with somber paint; faces drawn tense by days of intense religious observances and stained black from crown to chin and white below; foxskins hanging from their belts behind; fringed moccasins; kilts painted with the Snake symbol; parrot feathers on their heads; rattles, made of turtle-shells strung with sheep's toes, tied behind one knee, and necklaces and pendants of shells and turquoise. After circling the plaza and stamping on the board in front of the kisi, they form in a line facing the Antelope priests and begin a long, low, throbbing chant, arms interlocked, bodies waving in time to the accent of the song and the murmur of the gourd rattles held by the Antelope priests.[1]

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[1] A picture of this asperger appears in Bourke's book and is probably the first ever made of this personage under the caption 'Medicine-Man.'

[2] This man appears in the Walpi celebration only.

After what seems to us a long time a Snake priest steps forward, tucks his snake-whip into his girdle to leave his hands free, stoops and crawls into the kisi, coming out with a snake. All kinds of snakes are used, rattlers, huge bull snakes, harmless but impressive slender whip snakes, and blue racers. The rattlers have not had their fangs removed nor are they 'doped' as some wise spectator will tell those about him. They have been for several days in the kiva and have been handled and washed, but unless weariness or fright has worked some kind of miracle, they are as capable of deadly bites as ever. As the priest brings out a snake, he puts it in his mouth, holding it carefully with his teeth a few inches from its head, and, at Oraibi, supporting its body with his hands. Thus he dances slowly round the plaza. A second priest, called the 'hugger,' accompanies him with one arm over his shoulder, stroking his back with his feathered wand. This second priest guides the one with the snake, whose headdress, whether from motives of protection or not I cannot say, sometimes quite obscures his eyes. There is a theory that the hugger attracts the attention of the snake and with his whip of eagle feathers keeps its head away from the face of the priest, thus preventing it from striking, but in the dances I have seen, the second man is not close enough to affect the snake at all.

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[1] At Walpi the Snake priests wave their snake-whips with a peculiar vibrating motion not noticed elsewhere.

When the first priest has circled the plaza once, a second priest enters the kisi, and soon the plaza is alive with men dancing with the snakes in their mouths. When each has made the requisite number of circles, he tosses the snake on the ground and seeks another. Men, called 'gatherers,' watch the released snakes, sprinkle them with sacred meal, soon snatching them up and handing them to one of the Antelopes for safe-keeping. Before the dance is over, gatherers and Antelope men have their hands full of reptiles, coiling about their arms and twisting into writhing coils. Some very young boys take part in the dance, and I have seen a tiny Antelope tot trying to push the coils of an energetic bull snake from his little legs while keeping time with his rattle and holding in his other hand a rattlesnake with whizzing tail.

When all the snakes have been brought out and the dance part of the ceremony is completed, the men gather about and place all the snakes at once in the center of a circle of meal which has been drawn on the ground. Women, who have been standing with basket trays sprinkling the priests with meal as they passed, now come closer and empty their trays on the writhing mass. The gatherers rush in, and gatherers, huggers, and dancers, picking up the snakes by handfuls, run rapidly down to the plain and far out onto the desert, where the snakes are released in four different directions, north, south, east, and west, to carry the messages entrusted to them and an account of the dance to the gods of the harvest who dwell in the underworld.

Great care is taken that no snake shall be harmed. At only one of the dances I have seen did a snake die during the dance. A slender whip snake, either suffocated in the snake-bag or accidentally stepped on by one of the dancers, was dead when approached by the gatherer. It was a serious thing to all the Indians, and after the runners had taken the rest of the snakes to the plains, some of the priests returned to the plaza and part of the ceremony and some of the songs were repeated. The dead snake was carried into the kiva. As one Indian said: 'There will be one messenger short tonight.'

After the dance follow washings and purifications. The priests trot back to their kivas and take an emetic, probably a purification rite and certainly not a remedy for snakebite as some will inform you. Women bring food in large bowls, for the priests have fasted for some time before the ceremony, and the Snake Dance is over.

The public part takes only an hour, but it is so intense that you have the impression of having lived much longer than an hour, so crowded has the time been with absorbing sensations.

It is the most remarkable ritual dance left in the world. Sincere, mysterious, speaking of old faiths, and this, too, will quickly fade as automobiles bring tourists to view it with unsympathetic eyes.

The next four days are days of frolic, but tourists seldom see these, as they hurry back to civilization to escape the rains that even the skeptics feel *may* follow the rain-making ceremony.

The ceremony Bourke saw in 1881 had one hundred participants and must have been a wonderful sight. Now the clans have dwindled.

The myth commemorated in the dance has become complicated and confused by many repetitions and many accretions, but Fewkes gives us a composite and simplified version, shorn of conflicting details, which adds interest to it all. In the Sixteenth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, he says:

> The legend has a practical interpretation. The two necessities, corn and rain, failed the ancient Hopi at some early epoch in their history so that they were in danger of starvation, when one of their number, furnished with prayer offerings as sacrifices, sought other people who knew prayers, songs, and rites, to bring the desired gifts. In order to learn these charms he was initiated into their priesthood by this foreign people, and to make that adoption complete, married one of their maids, and to save his brethren, he brought his bride and offspring to live with his own people. Her children were like those of her family (the Snake Clan) and unlike his, and hence trouble arose between them. The mother returned to her own land and the father also sought a new home. Their children inherited the prayers and songs which bring corn and rain, and they were ancestors of the present snake people.

This ceremony has nothing to do with the cult of the plumed serpent of Mexico. It is probably connected with the snake rites which were practiced by the inhabitants of the now deserted pueblo of Cicuye.

Certainly there is a relationship with the Snake ceremonies at Sia, where we find many striking resemblances. Acoma claims a connection. But leaving these suggestions to those who are studying the snake and his almost universal appearance in primitive cults and who will 'report later,' we have a wonderful experience open to us in the public part of the Snake Ceremony of Hopiland.

CHAPTER XI

ACOMA AND SOME OTHERS

Acoma lies fifteen miles from the main highway. It is surprising that so few motorists take the time to follow the road that branches off from the highway a short distance west of Laguna Station and runs south through the tiny Mexican village of Casa Blanca and then on through a lovely valley hemmed in by rocks, wind-carved into grotesque shapes. Lummis calls this the tamest way of approaching Acoma, but even so it is a beautiful way, especially when rain-curtains march along the surrounding mesas, and it is a way not always unfraught with adventure when these rain-curtains increase and join forces, when black clouds hurry up from any or all quarters, and a torrential downpour renders the road (little more than a trail it is) absolutely impassable. I have hurried off the Acoma road with our car slithering around in the adobe washes, sideways, even backwards, and I think the Acoma road is the only one that has daunted me into turning back with only a few miles left to go. More than once have I hurried off the road because of a threatening cloud creeping upwards.

But it does not always rain and the cloudbursts usually give ample warning, and the slight risk of delay adds its spice of adventure.

I remember one Saint Stephen's Day, the one public dance day of Acoma, when I stood under the leaking awning of a fruit stall, set up by an enterprising visiting Laguna Indian, while water poured out of the sky in rushes resembling waterfalls. But what a sunset as we wended our way home later — much later!

On ordinary days (what a word to apply to any New Mexican day — ordinary!) we twist easily along the slightly marked road, skirting Katsimo, the *mesa encantada*, the enchanted mesa, called by Charles Lummis 'the noblest single rock in America.' Legend has it that here the Acomans once lived, moving to their present site when a cataclysmic storm wrecked the only trail to the top one day when the people were all below in the fields except three women who then had to perish beyond the reach of aid.

Few whites have climbed Katsimo and those few have disagreed as to the evidence of previous habitation, but Hodge found bits of glazed pottery on the top of the talus slope. It is rumored that a trail exists which is used by Indians who go to shrines on Katsimo to make sacrificial offerings.

I cannot altogether agree that Katsimo is the noblest single rock in America. One summer's day we left the Acoma road and followed a wagon trail leading around the base of Locomotive Rock over a piñon-clad mesa until we dropped into a valley more wonderful even than the one we had left, and there stood a larger, more impressive Katsimo. It was a silent valley, filled only with the ineffable lights that cling and waver about New Mexican rocks. On we went, unmindful of time and our destination, no hint of other humans in sight except those faint wagon ruts. I am sure no other automobile ever had taken the leaps from one level to another that we forced upon our little car as we came off the ridge that separated this dream valley from the Acoma Valley. We knew we should go back. We were not prepared for a night in the open. At last the solitude was broken. A wagon driven by an Indian came toward us. Somehow we felt obliged to account for our presence there and we meekly inquired the way to Acoma, well knowing that we were headed directly away from it. Then we faced about, and never since have I seen that glorious valley which stands out in my memory as the most silent spot in this silent land.

The village of Acoma stands today where it stood in 1540. Built on an almost inaccessible rock, it is reached by trails, all difficult and some unknown to whites. There are three streets, roughly parallel, and the houses terrace up to three stories in the main rows. No kivas break the long line, for here the sacred rooms are hidden in the house cluster. There are a few depressions where water collects and one or two larger reservoirs down on the mesa side from which the women carry the water for household needs in lovely Acoma jars balanced on their regally poised heads.

During harvest time few men are to be seen, and during school months, few children. Acoma has its farming villages, McCarty's and Acomita, and here are day schools. But to the main rock must all return for festival and ceremony.

A long-drawn-out feud exists between Laguna and Acoma concerning surrounding farming fields. The Acomas are good farmers, none better, white or red, according to the Government Agent, who knows them well, and they make good use of all the land they can acquire.

The huge Acoma church and its accompanying graveyard stand mute evidence to the prodigious labor which created them. The church, largest of all the New Mexican mission churches, was built of material carried to its barren site by Indian toilers up the steep trails and its massive beams came from far-off San Mateo. To bring them to the foot of the rock entailed untold effort, but how did they ever reach the top!

The church is bare, devoid of the intricate decorations of the Laguna altar, but on the wall hangs a dim picture said to have been given to Acoma by Charles II of Spain — a wonder-working picture coveted by Laguna and once lent by Acoma to its sister pueblo. It proved so potent that Laguna was reluctant to return it, and only after a lawsuit in the United States courts had decided the matter in favor of Acoma did the Lagunas consent to let it go. Then, as the legend has it, when the Acomans started forth to fetch it, the picture, happy over the prospect of returning home, came halfway to meet its escort and was found under a tree awaiting them.

Tragic evidences of the terrible sack of Acoma, when the Spaniards actually succeeded in storming it in reprisal for the murder of Zaldivar and his companions, are still traceable in some of the ruined houses.

Linger late in the afternoon on Acoma and then regain the highroad by way of the western mesa and on down through Acomita. The sunset is reflected on the eastern sky back of San Mateo. Sunsets in New

ACOMA

A CORNER OF ACOMA

Mexico are as beautiful in the east as in the west.

Acoma guards its secrets well. Lummis has voiced its mystery for us in his book, 'The Land of Poco Tiempo':

> Here and there are windowless rooms, reached only by a trap door in the roof and by a tall, rude ladder, topped with mystic symbols. No stranger may enter there, but white-headed 'principals' climb in and out, and strange, muffled songs float off over the housetops far into the night with now and then the dull beat of the tombe;... When Pa-yat-ya-ma, the Sun Father, shows his ruddy face above the eastern mesas and again when he sinks into the dark ridges of the west, there are stirless human statues upon the housetops that show for more than careless lookouts. In the houses are mysterious symbols which the stranger may not touch. In wild cave shrines above and below the cliffs are thousands of unknowable sticks tufted with downy feathers, miniature bows and arrows like those of Mau-sa-we and O-ya-we, and wee imitations of the magic hoop. Quaint, tiny parcels of the sacred corn-meal, wrapped and tied with the precious husk, are stowed everywhere in crannies of the infinite rocks. Everywhere are these hints of solemn mysteries, into which the visitor shall do well not to pry.... There are strange, symbolic footraces and stranger dances, the least of which the world may see on the feast of San Esteban, the patron saint of Acoma, September 2, and on other holy days; but upon the chief ones no stranger has ever looked.... Every man wears a pouch which money will not unlock. Each knows words which he may not utter aloud in any finite presence. Each has goings out and comings in which none must spy upon.... that unearthly cliff, that weird city, and their unguessed dwellers.

THE LAGUNA FIESTA

Laguna, the newest of pueblos, perches on a slight incline forty-five miles west of Albuquerque. It is a composite pueblo with four linguistic stocks; Keresan, Tanoan, Shoshonean, and Zuñian, to be found within its borders, and it boasts nineteen clans.

Its fiesta has little significance for the student. The Saint is brought out and installed in a bower in the plaza, as elsewhere, and dances take place before it; the men with little attempt at costume; the women, those conservers of custom, in regulation pueblo dress with hands painted white and holding corn symbols.

The real interest of the day lies in the setting, for it is to the Laguna Fiesta that Indians come from all directions to trade. Santo Domingo with turquoise, shell beads, and inlay, and Navajos laden with rugs to exchange for Laguna melons, beans, and squashes. Booths hold the concessions and, as at all fairs, you can shoot at a mark for a hideous china prize.

Laguna is built on the side of a hill and at fair time the skyline is picturesque with rows of covered wagons, campfires beside them, and the family gathered about the ever-present coffee-pot. Wagons have been coming in for days until, the favored sites gone, they group about anywhere. Automobiles, too, of course, but they too are in a blessed minority.

I had been told it was an occasion of no interest, but for those who care to see the Indians off parade, it is not to be missed.

SIA

A little north of Bernalillo a road branches from the main highway to strike back of the Jemez Range on the way to the little Mexican town of San Ysidro. If you follow it for twenty miles you will see across the flats of the Jemez River the tiny pueblo of Sia. After leaving the highway the road climbs up and down soft rises, running along the bed of the Jemez River, often an empty bed.

I wish every road in New Mexico could be traversed toward sunset time or in the light of early morning when all shades of violets and pinks flood the vast expanse of rolling country. But there are always colors to rejoice one along this road except at high noon.

Fourteen miles from Bernalillo the pueblo of Santa Ana can be seen across the Jemez Wash, inaccessible often when the water renders the sands treacherous. Six miles farther Sia appears, tucked up on the north bank, overlooking the wide flat where the Jemez River wanders scantily along, its flow increased but rendered unpalatable by the Salado, which salty stream has joined it just above. The river has been depleted by the pueblo Jemez seven miles farther up, and other towns which have had a chance at the water.

A pathetic little pueblo is Sia. Once it boasted two thousand people, but now a mere handful remain. Its tragic history of war, disease, and oppression nearly wiped it out, and Mrs. Stevenson, its sympathetic historian, believes that these have caused the mental deterioration that makes it a sad contrast to other more upstanding pueblos.

Lack of water has made agriculture on any satisfactory scale impossible, only the most meager crops being culled from its fields, and the Sias must trade with Jemez and Santa Ana for food. But Sia makes good pots. Neither Jemez nor Santa Ana does and so these form the medium of exchange with these more prosperous neighbors.

Intertribal feuds were responsible for a decrease in numbers and the Sias joined in the revolt of 1680 when many were killed. In 1900 they numbered only one hundred and nineteen, but now, with more peaceful days, they are slowly increasing.

Despised by both Jemez and Santa Ana, Sia is thrown back upon itself and this has resulted in a breaking-down of morale. Illegitimate children are numerous and extra-marital relations are not frowned upon as elsewhere. This isolation has had the happy result for the ethnologist of preserving tradition and ceremony so that Sia offers a fertile field for study.

Spider Woman, that important power among the pueblos, at Sia is a male god.

The Sias have a snake ceremony, interesting both because of its resemblances to, and its differences from, the Tusayan observance, but undoubtedly with some far-distant connection. Probably both Hopi and Sia derived their snake ceremonies from the same source, but years have led them along different lines in the development of the ritual. The Sias have a powerful cure for snake-bite. Sia shares the Zuñi feeling toward Mexicans and no Mexican is allowed to witness their katcina ceremonies.

There is an amusing Sia legend that tells of a quarrel between the men and women of the pueblo. Each claimed the ability of living happily without the other. The men moved across the river and they were able to obtain animal food because they could hunt. The women became weak and miserable, and after four years they begged the men to come back. The men, too, had been unhappy and gladly consented to return, following which reconciliation they all 'lived happily ever after.'

There is a flood myth here, too, according to which, as at Zuñi, the sacrifice of a youth and maiden brought a recession of the waters. And, as at Zuñi, the children are taught that to please the gods they must speak 'with one tongue as straight as the line of prayer over which these beings pass to enter the images of themselves.'

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SAN FELIPE

Christmas Eve! What should we do? To which pueblo turn for the night dance before the altar in the church? A momentous decision, yet not so momentous after all, for whichever way our choice fell we were sure to be amply rewarded.

In 1932 we chose San Felipe, and we set out at eleven o'clock on a starlit night. When we drove into the pueblo, it seemed deserted. A few cars parked on the outskirts proclaimed the fact that people were there somewhere. A few windows were lighted. We picked our way carefully through the darkness and silence to the church door. It was open and candles flickered on the altar. A courteous Indian met us and ushered us into the sacristy, its white adobe walls aglow from a fire in the corner fireplace. Benches were along the wall, and the fire made the three-hours' wait comfortable. The drum was warming before the blaze. Indians in headbands came and went, announcing 'mucho frio' as they rubbed their cold hands. It was warm and drowsy there and Indians and whites smoked the air blue. There was the usual pitiful spectacle of a partially drunk white spectator trying to pass off his condition by silly jokes, a few girls, unaware of any significance beyond the excitement of the occasion, and a small scattering of serious observers, but all these were so few and unobtrusive that they did not detract from the impression made by the blanketed figures around the wall. The Indians gave the usual answers to questioning: "Coming soon," "Coming at two," "Coming at sun-up," answers repeated by those present who had not yet learned how utterly unclock-minded is the Indian. At last, at three o'clock, came the welcome summons.

The church, with its white adobe walls, was lit by candles in single sconces and the unmodulated glare of acetylene lamps hanging from the old beams. The gallery over the door was filled with blanket-wrapped figures as was the painted pulpit. At the end the altar glowed. The expected priest had not come after all, but an Indian, wrapped to the eyes in a black blanket, stood at the altar and intoned the prayers, the responses coming readily and devoutly from the worshipers who knelt on the earthen floor. Men, women, and children and babies on their mothers' backs went up to the altar to greet the Christ Child. Then all lined up around the walls and waited, attention focused on the open doors. At last against the blackness a lantern shone, carried by a blanketed figure leading the first group of dancers. First came the hobby-horses, Spanish cavaliers evidently, the men holding bared swords and wearing huge feathered hats. They trotted up to the altar where they stood throughout the dance, one on each side, with occasional prancings. A koshare, armed with an old musket, came next, playing the clown, shouting directions and arranging any articles of dress that came awry. Then the dancers — buffalo, deer, elk, antelope — stooping over sticks which represented front legs, forming figures, dissolving to form again, the song changing in cadence and the step following the song, and then each dancer in turn prancing up between the hobby-horses to kneel for an instant before the Holy Babe — color, sound.

What did it all mean, this dancing before the altar as did Miriam of old; the symbols and costumes; sun symbol and moon; the buffalo maid in beautiful ceremonial skirts adorned with cloud and butterfly and moth; heavy turquoise and coral necklaces, abalone-shell pendants, many, many feathers; shadows rising and falling on the walls as the dancers crouched or sprang; drum throbbing wildly, and then, at a signal, all rushing out into the darkness?

Four times the dancing groups return, each different but each a hunting dance, and then, when darkness receives them for the last time, the black-robed Indian again intones the prayers, the blanketed figures fall on their knees and give the responses, the hobby-horses trot down from the chancel and away, and we leave the altar candles shining in an empty church.

It calls to mind the dance that takes place on Shrove Tuesday in the cathedral at Seville before the high altar. No one knows where this dance originated. It may even go back to the time of the Phœnicians. It is danced by children to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. About two centuries ago an archbishop of Seville objected to it so seriously that an appeal was made to Rome. The Pope said that he could give no judgment without seeing the dance, so the whole troupe was taken to Rome. The dance was given in the Vatican and the Pope could see no harm in it. He said: "So long as their clothes last, it shall continue." You may be sure those clothes have never been allowed to wear out.

SANTO DOMINGO

Santo Domingo is the largest of the Rio Grande pueblos. It stands out for its Green Corn Dance in August. People crouch for hours in the dust watching the long lines of beautifully clad dancers and the weird antics of the koshare. But equally significant is the Pueblo Council which takes place at Santo Domingo because it is central and more easily reached by delegations from all the pueblos than any of the more remote villages.

It was here that I heard Charles Lummis translate from Spanish into English and back again hour after hour, and first became acquainted with John Collier's prompt little typewriter which tapped out resolutions as quickly as they took form.

Santo Domingo is on the Rio Grande, and three times in the last two hundred years it has been wiped out by floods. It was flood control that was under discussion at the special Council of which I write.

The Rio Grande is a wide river, creeping slowly at this point through flat country, though the rate of flow varies greatly at different seasons. Because of the nature of its bed, it carries much silt, and near Albuquerque the drop is very gradual, so that this silt is deposited along the bottom of the river, thus raising its bed and causing overflow or change of course.

In the old days if much silt fell in one spot, the river meandered around it, spreading out into a shallower and wider stream, or it cut a new path in the opposite shore. Later a spring freshet, causing a sudden increase in the force of the flow, might dislodge this deposit and the river would wander back to its old place.

When Albuquerque became a city of some size, this unreliability of the river became a bit inconvenient. Houses were built along its edge and the shores protected by river walls so that the river was confined to a bed, still wide, but more definite and less flexible. The inevitable followed. The water backed up, the silt was dropped higher up, many fields became waterlogged and useless, and Albuquerque found itself in need of some sort of flood control.

Albuquerque engaged engineers who studied the question from the Albuquerque point of view and then rumors began to fly. A dam was proposed to regulate the flow of the river. The Indians became alarmed. The dam, it was charged, would flood Santo Domingo and wipe out the pueblo completely. Advocates of the dam replied that more land would be reclaimed than would be flooded. The Indians wailed that the reclaimed land would be white land, the lost land Indian land. Charge and countercharge, rumor and counter-rumor. Then came the Pueblo Legal Aid, an organization supported by volunteer subscriptions, to render, as its name implies, legal aid to the pueblos.

Now the Indian is a 'citizen ward.' Just what a citizen ward is, no one seems to know, but what a citizen ward may or may not do is much easier to find out. For one thing, a citizen ward cannot employ a lawyer; hence the need of the Pueblo Legal Aid. And the meeting I am describing was called by the pueblos involved in the Albuquerque reclamation project to hear what advice the Legal Aid would give them regarding the matter. The Legal Aid had its lawyers examine the facts of the case and they were to explain these facts and then discuss with the Indians what stand the pueblos, especially Santo Domingo, should take.

We met in a typical pueblo room, long and narrow in comparison with its width, with whitewashed adobe walls, a floor rubbed to a smooth polish with soot mixed with ox blood and a beamed ceiling with smaller sticks laid across, much as the prehistoric ceilings at Bonito were made. I think the room was used customarily as a gathering room, for from the ceiling hung a dozen or more drums, carefully wrapped, and some ceremonial sticks and baskets. At one end a hanging rack held what is known as the 'soft goods'— blankets with some fine Navajo specimens among them and some ceremonial kilts and sashes. In the middle of one of the long sides of the room was the lovely pueblo fireplace.

There were about sixty Indians present, all men. They sat on benches, placed around the wall, or curled up against it on the floor. There was a table for the secretary and chairs for the few whites. On the floor, at intervals, were dried cornhusks and pouches of tobacco and by the fire stood two of the younger men with long sticks, the ends of which they kept glowing in the coals. Whenever a man rolled a cigarette they quietly went to him and extended their rods at which he lighted his cigarette. It was a pretty act, gracefully and quietly done, with a real social touch.

There was a marvelous dance going on outside, and those who know the Santo Domingo ceremonies will understand that it took some self-control to sit hour after hour (we were there from ten to half-past six) discussing very dry technicalities, first in English and then interpreted into Spanish, while singing, the thud of the tom-tom, and bursts of laughter over the antics of the koshare were coming in to us.

There were twelve pueblos represented. Of course the Hopi villages were absent. Distance and the fact that the behavior of the Rio Grande was far from affecting them kept them away. Zuñi and Acoma were also too far removed from the matters in hand to come such distances. I do not know why the other five were not there, but twelve were, including Taos, represented by its stately Governor.

The Cochiti men were delayed, but so closely involved was that pueblo that the Council decided to discuss matters of minor importance until its delegates arrived. So they spoke of tourists and their effect on the pueblos. They complained of impertinent questions, put sometimes merely out of curiosity and sometimes under the guise of interest. Indians resent questions. They resent the rude invasion of the privacy of their homes, and especially the giving of pennies to the children who now, in some of the villages, run up to the tourist demanding money. One white man said: 'Why don't you tell them not to?' With dignity and a courtesy not to be conveyed by the written word, the old cacique replied: 'An Indian does not teach his child by saying "don't," but by the example of his elders. Why do your people treat my child as though he were a beggar?'

Then Cochiti arrived and the real work began.

The pueblos do not speak the same language, so the discussion was carried on in English and Spanish, Mr. Lummis and Lorenzo Sotero taking turns at translating. And I am glad to remember Charles Lummis as I saw him that day, tireless, accurate, humorous. One forgot his years as he did. The discussion went on all day, but finally a resolution was presented, covering the points which the Indians agreed must be conceded before they would discuss any conservancy proposition and was adopted by all twelve of the pueblos present.

And so that ended that, and we came out into the evening air. The dancers, wrapped in their blankets, were going down to the river to bathe, and we drove back to Santa Fé up the marvelous La Bajada Hill under the stars.

COCHITI

Christmas-time in the Rio Grande district is a time of gaiety for the pueblos. White tourists are absent and the white resident is busy with his own celebration. It was three days after Christmas that we happened in to Cochiti one sunny afternoon and found the dancers 'out.' Cochiti has the customary dual organization of the Keres: Winter and Summer people, the Squash and Turquoise Clans, and both were dancing.

The Turquoise people were having a Comanche dance. Alternate figures in the long line represented the Comanche warriors and were stripped and painted and befeathered accordingly. Springing, stooping, their lithe bodies full of grace, they threw themselves into the dance with an abandon often absent when spectators abound. Tiny children were in the dance and among the few watchers along the house wall were other tots prancing in sympathy.

The Squash Clan were dancing the conventional pueblo step, progressing slowly to the plaza and there forming in two lines and going through the forward-and-back figures which always remind white on-lookers of the Virginia Reel. Women were here, led by two large men dressed as women. On one side of their heads was the symbolic squash blossom made of yarn, wound in and out of radiating sticks, the same symbol that was found in the ruins of Awatobi. Their dance was shorter, more constrained, more conventionalized, as they came from the dance-house to the plaza.

These were pleasure dances, but not unassociated with ritual. Like those which follow the Shaliko at Zuñi, they continue for five days after the winter solstice and before the quiet time intervening between the two seasons of ceremony.

SAN ILDEFONSO

San Ildefonso, eighteen miles northwest of Santa Fé, is a beautiful little pueblo grouped about two plazas. Cottonwoods rustle in one, under which dances take place, and they add their bright green color to the more usual pueblo background of white adobe and blue sky.

San Ildefonso took an active part in the Rebellion of 1680 and when De Vargas came to avenge that rebellion in 1693 the dwellers took refuge on Black Mesa, which rises not far away, and lived there for eight months. Black Mesa is hardly scalable and only lack of water forced the refugees to yield at last. Many legends group about the mesa and shrines are maintained there today, visited and served by the priests of the pueblo.

We read of internal dissensions that have depleted other pueblos in times past, but the village of San Ildefonso is suffering today from an unhappy schism which has reached very serious dimensions and which is complicated by the encroachment of Mexican homes into the pueblo area and the close proximity of the day school. The present strife centers around the plan to move the village activities from the north to the south plaza. The south plaza was the original one, and when the north plaza was built the conservatives pointed out that this village must always move to the south. They are sure that the misfortunes that have come upon San Ildefonso have been largely due to the move in the wrong direction.

But in spite of political upheavals, San Ildefonso is a center of Indian art. Painting, pottery, and dancing here reach unrivaled excellence. Its pottery, decorated black and red ware, is outstanding, and the signed pieces of Maria Martinez and Ramona and Rosalie Gonzales command good prices. Among its painters Awa-Tsira and Wo-Peen are becoming as well known as Fred Kabotie of Hopi, while Mr. Edgar Hewett calls its performance of the eagle dance 'flawless.'

TAOS

Taos, that aristocrat of the pueblos, is reached from Santa Fé by a wonderful drive which leads through a rocky gorge and up onto a high plateau. From this plateau rise the mountains at the foot of which the pueblo is built.

The dual system is especially apparent here, as two communal houses, rising tier above tier, stand on each side of a beautiful rushing stream. Water Taos has, and fields and mountain lakes by which to carry on traditional ritual.

So well known is it that tourists flock to it and now there are standardized prices for camera privileges and no stranger may mount the ladders to the roof-tops.

But, well known as it is, Taos has preserved its secrets. Its kivas are well guarded. High fences protect the hatchways, and if an unwary stranger approaches too near, some watcher spreads the alarm. It was in one of these kivas that Popé performed his miracle of bringing glowing presences from the other world to convince the priests of Taos of the feasibility of the revolt of 1680.

Taos was the nearest pueblo to the Plains tribes and possibly intermarriage with Comanche and Ute accounts in some measure for the different physical characteristics observable. The Taos men are tall and well-built, handsomer, as a rule, than those of other pueblos, and they wear their hair in braids as did the Plains tribes. They are seldom without a characteristic white blanket, sometimes swathed dramatically about the entire figure, sometimes merely knotted about the waist, but seldom absent.

The women wear white buckskin boots, with the tops not wrapped as elsewhere, but wide and flapping, necessitating a curious walk, not ungraceful when one becomes accustomed to it.

Heavy logs lie across the stream to serve as bridges and here on summer evenings the young men gather to sing. Stop your car at a respectful distance, listen and watch the silent figures that slip by, blankets tightly drawn.

The road from the town of Fernando de Taos to the pueblo is gay with flowers in spring and summer,

TAOS

AN INHABITANT OF TAOS

and I think I never saw so many bluebirds anywhere else. Yellow wild canaries there are too, and song and color abound.

Taos joined the outbreak of 1680 and the later one after the return of De Vargas. The sad rebellion of 1847 was instigated by Mexicans. Then occurred the killing of Governor Charles Bent, whose house may be visited in the town.

The last threatened trouble was in 1910 and was due to an encroachment on Indian land by a white man. The militia was sent for by some hotheaded person, but fortunately it was halted at Rancho de Taos and sent back. Three old settlers agreed in assuring me that the Indians only intended to scare the offender, which they certainly succeeded in doing, but that serious trouble might have resulted.

The pueblo once was a walled town and the remains of the low adobe wall is still to be traced.

Picuris, about forty miles from Santa Fé on a rough and sometimes difficult road, is also a Tigua pueblo, resembling Taos in the characteristics of its people.

CHAPTER XII

EAGLES AND SNAKES

There be... things which are too wonderful for me... the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock. Deuteronomy.

EAGLES

The black clouds that gather before a storm and rush swiftly onward, darkening the world, have, by far diverse peoples, been likened to huge birds and the 'thunder bird' symbol of the Indian, differing in its manifestations from tribe to tribe, is confined to none.

From the crow of 'Alice's Adventures Through the Looking Glass' that frightened Tweedledum and Tweedledee until 'they quite forgot their quarrel,' to the bird of Zuñi with knife-blades for tail and wing feathers, is not so far a cry as might at first appear. What more natural than that the eagle, soaring with outstretched wings, black against the azure sky, should symbolize the mysterious presence of storm and lightning, beneficent or baleful, but in any case to be propitiated.

Zeus, the Greek god of thunder, had the eagle for his attendant bird.

The Eagle Dance is the most widespread dance among the pueblo dwellers of the Southwest. A masked or winter dance among the Hopi, unmasked as a clan dance among the Rio Grande Indians.

It is now only a fragment of an ancient ceremony, but, even as it is, Leo Stein says of it, 'The eagle dance is perhaps the most beautiful thing in the way of ceremonial expression that I have ever seen.'

Slow and stately, it goes on and on at intervals all the daylight hours. Two men impersonate the eagles — beaked headdresses, close-fitting and feathered, come down well over their foreheads, eagle feathers fastened along the arms make the wings, body and upper arms stained black, and feet yellow. The attending chorus is not costumed. A group of singers clustered about a drum follow the dancers with slow step and unerring beat. The eagles come forth. First to be seen is the tip of one outstretched wing as it emerges from the kiva hatchway, and then the birdlike figure, followed by its fellow, bending now to this side, now to that, comes down the steps with a peculiar stooping dip which I have observed only in this dance. Side by side they go, bending, turning, stooping, with an occasional quicker side-step, but always the outstretched wings, the bent knees, the stoop. When it seems as though the human body must relax, up the kiva steps they go, and, never losing the rhythm, move, outlined against the blue sky, to the hatchway and disappear for a period, only to return and repeat the same dance, and so on and on until the afternoon has waned.

Sections of this dance are staged at Tesuque for white visitors but, though white guests are not unwelcome at San Ildefonso, the dance is the pueblo's and the audience is an unconsidered addition.

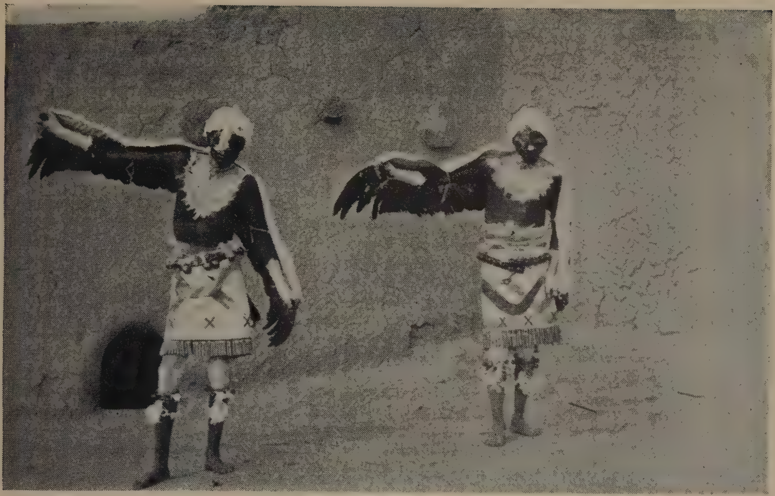
Of the masked Hopi eagle dance I have only the testimony of a painting by Fred Kabotie, himself a Hopi, reproduced here. It suggests a quicker tempo, a more energetic step, and more symbolism than realism in the presentation. The haunting dignity of the Rio Grande ceremony seems lacking.

Eagle feathers are highly prized throughout the pueblo area. Eagle down is fastened in the hair and stuck upon the body to lend lightness and speed to racers, wing and tail feathers figure in headdresses, or, for more symbolic use, in the snake-whips of Hopi or the aspergers in kiva ceremonies. In the case of the snake-whips which are used to stroke the snakes, not to strike them, the snake is supposed to recognize the feathers of his enemy and become quiet.

Captive eagles utter their pitiful call at dawn from pueblo rooftops as they greet the sunrise and gaze with their yellow eyes out across the desert over which they will never soar again. Sad captives, to be ceremonially slain after the Niman Katcina celebration in July. At the extreme end of Walpi Mesa a crevice in the rocks hides the denuded carcasses of these birds.

The crowning figure of the altar used by the Zuñi in the Shaliko ceremony is the strange anthropomorphic eagle figure, capped by the cloud symbol and with outstretched wings and tail of knife-blades instead of feathers, symbolizing the deadly lightning stroke. A storm bird. A thunder bird.

All this cult of the eagle does not prove the spread of an idea from some central source, but rather the similar reaction of the human mind when confronted by similar phenomena in Nature.



EAGLE DANCERS AT SAN ILDEFONSO

EAGLE DANCERS RETURNING TO THE KIVA AT SAN ILDEFONSO

SNAKES

As universal as the thunder bird idea is the veneration and dread of the serpent and its use as a symbol.

The Greeks had it. Æsculapius boasts a serpent curling about his staff and Hermes' baton has two snakes intertwined. The Laocoön shows the vengeful serpents punishing the father and sons for their distrust of the wooden horse of Troy. The Hebrews raised a brazen serpent, and the Chinese use the dragon as design and symbol.

The snake as a tempter I find only in Genesis.

Four reasons are given by the Indians for their use of the serpent as a symbol. Its mysterious method of progression without the aid of feet, its never-closing eye, its 'touch of death,' and its rejuvenation without passing through the gates of death when it sheds its skin.

There are two distinct phases of the serpent cult in the Southwest which seem to bear little relation to one another. From the South came the plumed serpent of Mexico. From the North the Snake Clan moved into Walpi.

There are scientists who trace biological analogy between birds and snakes, claiming scales and feathers to be interrelated, and the goose to be the bird in closest relation to the snake. The bird with a sinuous neck which can utter no sound but a hiss. If this theory has foundation in fact, the plumed serpent of Mexico, sometimes represented as winged, would seem to indicate some ancient knowledge of this biological branching.

But, be this as it may, the plumed serpent found its way up into New Mexico and appears in Zuñi on a clumsy framework thrust out from behind a slab-shaped reredos, red tongue awag, and open mouth ready to taste the sacred meal in the dish before it.

To relate the snake to the darting and striking lightning was easy, and only a little further stretch of the imagination is found in the myth that, tossed into the sky, it became the Milky Way, that beautiful band of light which has figured in primitive minds many things, but most frequently as a pathway for traveling gods.

The Hopi Snake Clan, the clan which still holds the Snake ceremonies, connects their snakes with an ancestor myth. The dance, now held only on the Hopi mesas, is claimed by tradition by Acoma and Sia as well as by Hopi, but in these villages the Snake Clan has died out.

These recurring symbols, the eagle and the snake, are but two examples of the ever-present symbolism of the Indian, but they show how ideas common to all races and times have developed in this particular race.

Some day I hope some wise student will devote himself to a study of the symbolism of the Indian of the Southwest and trace its relationship to the universal symbolism of mankind. Such a study may help us to realize better than comparison of more tangible things the eternal brotherhood of mankind.

THE END

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